

"THE YOUNG ONES" ★ "ALFRED E. NEUMAN SHOW" ★ DON MART £3

plus the usual gang of idiots  
are all on exhibition in this 25th anniversary issue of . . .

No.  
270  
OCT.  
1984

# MAD

OUR PRICE

**60** p

(Cheap)

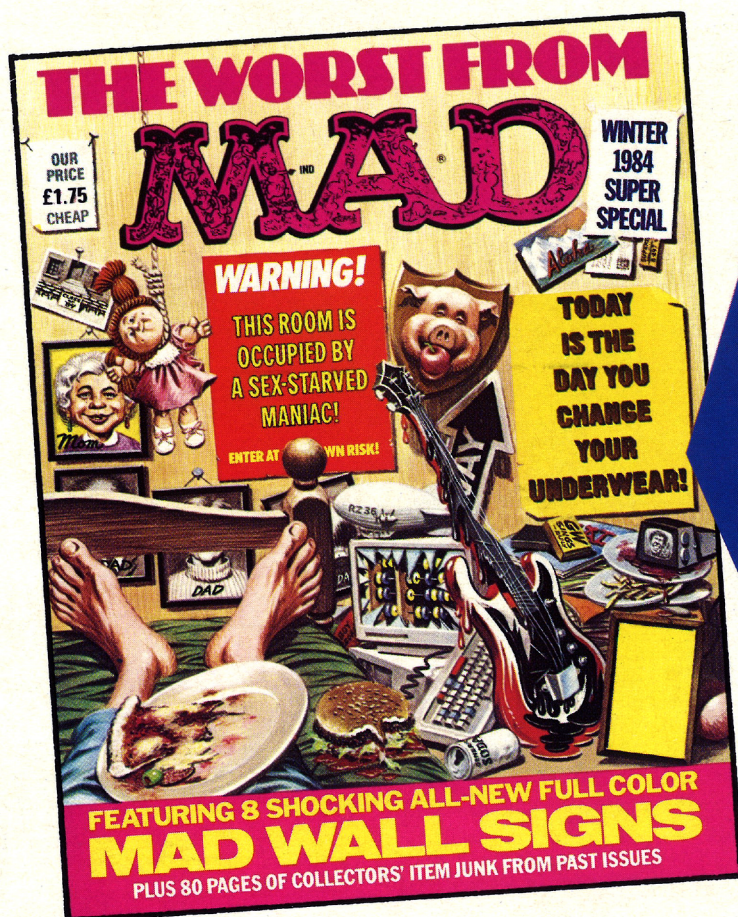
I.R. 99 p

(Not so cheap)





# HAVE A MAD AUTUMN!



**GET RID OF  
YOUR OLD  
HANG-UPS!**

**REPLACE THEM WITH  
NEW MAD HANG-UPS!  
YOU GET EIGHT WILD  
ONES IN FULL-COLOR**

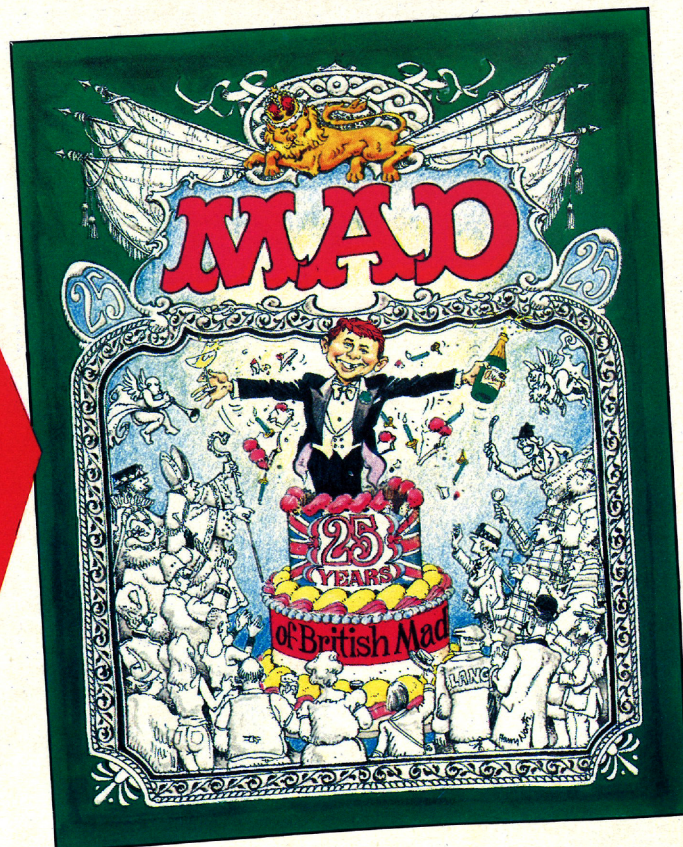
**FREE**

**WHEN YOU BUY THIS  
"MAD SPECIAL"**

**ENJOY 84...**

**(OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT)**

This 104 page MAD JUBILEE Souvenir Special is now on sale at your local Newsagents. Featuring, 25 years of British MAD, a MAD look at the usual Gang Of Idiots, Fool Frontals, Satires and other junk PLUS a complete reprint of the very first edition of British MAD.  
**£2.50**



Both items can be ordered by mail.  
(Post FREE!) Super Special £1.75  
Jubilee Special £2.50

**LOOK FOR THEM (AND IF YOU DON'T SEE THEM, ASK FOR THEM) AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!**





NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

"An opportunity is never lost! Some smart guy always grabs the one you miss!"  
—Alfred E. Neuman

**RONALD C. LETCHFORD** publisher & editor  
**BABS LETCHFORD** associate editor **ASHLEY CHARLES** production  
**CLIVE CHARLES** subscriptions  
**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS**  
*the usual gang of idiots*

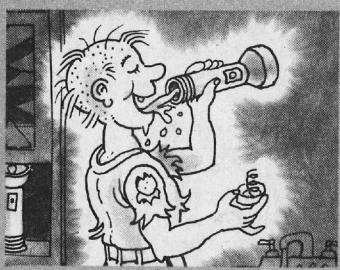
DEPARTMENTS

<b>BLAST LAUGH DEPARTMENT</b>	
Things To Do On "The Day After" .....	15
<b>DAILY BREAD DEPARTMENT</b>	
Psalm For A Modern Television Preacher .....	34
<b>DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Electrician .....	24
<b>DOUBLE-BUBBLE DEPARTMENT</b>	
The "Ins" And "Outs" Of Daily Conversation .....	20
<b>IT'S TRAINING CATS AND DOGS, ETC, DEPARTMENT</b>	
Other Uses For Household Pets .....	18
<b>LETTERS DEPARTMENT</b>	
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail .....	4
<b>MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones .....	**
<b>NEUMONIC PLAGUE DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Alfred E. Neuman Show .....	29
<b>OUR FEATURES PRESENTATION DEPARTMENT</b>	
MAD's Ideal Presidential Candidate for 1984 .....	12
<b>PARTY FAVOURS DEPARTMENT</b>	
Contemporary Work/Fun Gatherings .....	22
<b>SHOCKING PUNK DEPARTMENT</b>	
"The Young Bums" (A MAD TV Show Satire) .....	6
<b>SWEAT SUCKS! DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Sham-Jock Catalogue .....	25

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

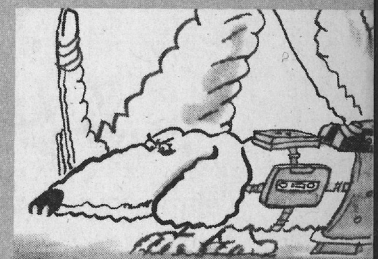
VITAL FEATURES

**"THE YOUNG BUMS"**  
**(A MAD TV Show Satire)**  
**Pg.6**



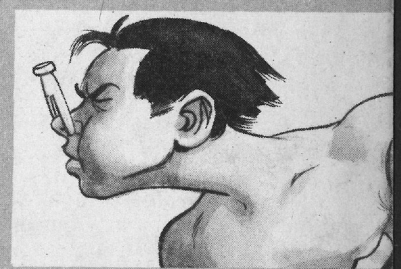
**THINGS TO DO ON "THE DAY AFTER"**  
**Pg.15**

**OTHER USES FOR HOUSEHOLD PETS**  
**Pg.18**



**THE "INS" AND "OUTS" OF DAILY CONVERSATION**  
**Pg.20**

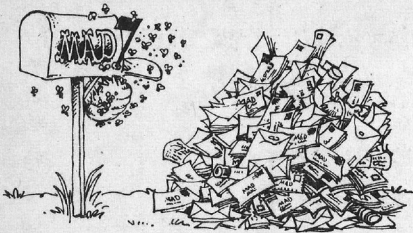
**THE 1984 SHAM-JOCK CATALOGUE**  
**Pg.25**



**THE ALFRED E. NEUMAN SHOW**  
**Pg.29**

The British edition of MAD is published monthly by Saron International Publications, 44 Hill Street, London W1X 8LB by arrangement with E.C. Publications Inc. New York. The entire contents are copyright and nothing may be reproduced in any way without permission. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. Any similarity to a living person is purely coincidental. The Publishers and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts to be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. MAD in the USA is Published by WILLIAM M. GAINES and edited by ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN. Distributed by: Moore Harness Ltd. 50 Eagle Wharf Rd. London, N.1. and 848B Melton Rd. Thurmaston, Leicester. Printed in Finland.





# MAD MAIL

Well, we've finally made it! 25 and not out . . . and whilst we think we can reflect a little in the glory, we mustn't forget it would not have been possible without you, the many thousands of readers and your support through the past 25 years. For this we thank you and look forward to the next 25 years!

We couldn't let this opportunity go by without mentioning the two other MAD items on sale this month. Our regular Winter Special will include 8 full colour wall signs and our Jubilee Souvenir Special which will also include a reprint of our first edition. Next month we are taking a look at Indiana Jones as well as our usual load of junk etc.

yours MADly

## BIRTHDAY BLEATINGS

Dear Mad,

I've been buying your magazine for 15 years now and would like to offer my congratulations on arriving at your 25th birthday. What has impressed me during the past 15 years I have been reading it is the fact that the standard of the magazine has not deteriorated at all, in fact if anything it has gone up! I'm always amazed how you manage to keep this up month after month but whatever the secret is, keep doing it!

Les Hopkins  
Chelsea

Dear Mad,

Happy birthday to all the MAD offices. Keep on turning out your magazine so we can get mad each month! It's the only thing that keeps us sane! Terry, Bob, John and Phil

Birmingham

Dear Mad,

I know you're 25 this month but how come Alfred doesn't look a day older than when I first saw him way back in 1967?

Henry Samad  
Watford

*He wears well!*

Dear Mad,

Having kept our household in stitches every month for the last 25 years, what are you gonna do for the next 25 years?

Reg North  
Harrogate

*We dunno, but we'll think of something!*

## "THE RIGHT STUFF"

Dear Mad,

I think the "usual gang of idiots" must have been really spaced out when they wrote "The Right Stiff".

Mike Bowermaster  
Plainfield

Dear Mad,

After I read "The Right Stiff" (Mad 266), I finally realised what happened. You assembled a group of men who broke the "Useless Trash Barrier".

David Garner  
Atlanta

## ANSWERING MACHINES

Dear Mad,

Thought the features on Famous Literary Characters Answering Machine Messages was great. Correct me if I'm wrong but didn't you do one of these before?

Stuart Nelson  
Hull

*Yes, we did one in 1978 (No.192) although it was for Famous Peoples' Answering Messages.*

## "GRIMLINS"

Dear Mad,

The feature on Spielberg's new film "Grimlins" was excellent — now all I have to do is wait till December for the film to come out and then I can see how excellent!

John Derek  
London

## ALFRED AT THE OSCARS

Thank you very much for allowing me to use your copyrighted character Alfred E. Neuman in my Oscar-winning film "Sundae In New York". It was a pleasure working with Alfred although his insistent demands for a perfect set of chop-sticks had us running all over town until we found a

Dear Mad,

What's the big idea? Up till now you've always featured films after we've seen 'em. Now you tell us it's not opening till December! Still, it has wetted my appetite to go and see it when it does get shown so perhaps the film company won't mind too much!

Sue Manly  
Leicester

Dear Mad,

Cuddly creatures . . . Ugh, I hate them. But I'll forgive you . . . it's the first MAD preview I've seen, maybe you should do this more often!

Joan Felix  
Wolverhampton

Dear Mad,

Why publish a feature before we've seen the film? Are you acting as publicity agents for the film companies now!

Terry Gander  
Ipswich

Dear Mad,

I know you must get lots of letters from new readers on who Alfred E. Neuman is so why don't you publish a potted history of his background?

Andrew Benson  
Torquay

*We did, many years ago (25 in fact) and it was in our first edition. If you get our souvenir edition on sale this month you will get to look at it!*

pair with the right feel for Alfred. Again, on behalf of the entire cast and crew, thank you for making Alfred available for the cameo role, even though we had to kick his agent off the set for excessive kibitzing.

Jimmy Picker  
Brooklyn, NY





Dear Mad,

Who answers the letters in MAD Mail, is it someone in Britain or are they sent to the U.S.A?

Also, I am puzzled by the inferences of "It's a mad, mad world" in No. 266. If I'm not mistaken (as I might be) I believe I remember that Tom Koch or someone with a similar name has been with MAD for many years. I wonder what the single reference to "Americans" could mean.

You must admit that this is confusing. I also feel that you as a British Editor would be advised to consider the implications of vilifying Pres. Regan and the first Lady in a magazine that is freely available to all age groups and has a 'comic book style format'. Is the Fold-In in the same issue consistent with the magazine's supposed aim of innocent entertainment. I feel this is a matter for your careful consideration.

Martha Whyte  
London W.11

*All letters sent to us are answered by us! As for Tom Koch, you're right, he has been with MAD for quite a while, but we can't see how you find the feature confusing. Anyway, where do you get the idea we provide 'innocent entertainment'?*

Dear Mad,

Although I wasn't too astonished to read about the price of MAD going up to 60p., it made me think of many of your other "dedicated" readers in their high-chairs, y'know, the two-year olds who only get 55p pocket money!

Adrian Pearce  
Newbury

Dear Mad,

Having finally got around to ordering three Binders for my collection of MAD magazines I find you've run out! Get with it you guys!

Tom Ford  
Loughton Essex

*Sorry about the delays, we've now got further supplies from the manufacturers so there should not be any further hold up.*

Dear Mr. Newsagent,

Please reserve/deliver a copy of MAD Magazine each month until further notice.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....

Mr. Newsagent, if you have difficulties in obtaining supplies of MAD please contact the Distributors: Moore Harness Ltd., Norman Road, Thurmaston, Leicester.

## Only a few left . . .

That's right, only a few World War I veterans are left . . . however, there's still plenty of MAD Back Issues left at the new price of 60p each (including postage) Please give alternatives with your selection.

- 212 Coronation Street
- 213 Vague-\$
- 217 Rocky II
- 218 Calamatyville Horror and Airplot '79
- 219 Apocalypse Now
- 220 Academy Awards for Dating
- 222 Benson
- 223 Crymore Vs. Crymore and The Crockford Files"
- 224 Being There
- 225 The Dukes Of Hazzard
- 226 The Empire Strikes Back & Coalminers Daughter
- 227 Queezy
- 229 Undressed To Kill
- 230 More Efficient Government
- 231 Dallas & Ordinary People
- 232 The Professionals and Raving Bull
- 233 Hart To Hart
- 234 Popeye & Altered States
- 235 Superman III
- 236 Elephant Man and Different Strokes
- 237 Ultimate Horror Movie & Magnum P.I.
- 238 Raiders Of The Lost Ark
- 239 Outland
- 240 For Your Eyes Only
- 241 Video Games and General Hospital
- 242 Pop Biz & Family Fools
- 243 Hill St. Blues
- 244 Academy Awards/Mad Max 2
- 245 The Great American Hero
- 246 Now Starring At The White House
- 247 The Brawl Guy
- 248 M\*A\*S\*H
- 249 Rocky III
- 250 Conan & Superman XX
- 251 E.T.
- 252 Startrek II and Annie
- 253 The Poltergeist
- 254 Officer & A Gentleman and Private Benjamin
- 255 Simon and Simon & The Verdict
- 256 Tootsie/The Dark Crystal
- 257 Minder
- 258 Knight Rider
- 259 Return Of The Jedi and The A-Team
- 260 Superman III & Square Dregs
- 261 T.J.Hooker
- 262 War Games
- 263 Psycho II & 9 To 5
- 264 Staying Alive and Newhart
- 265 Trading Places/Risky Business/Flash Dance
- 266 Right Stuff
- 267 Scarface
- 268 Yentl & Remington Steele

**It's a real bind. . .  
having your copies of  
MAD floating  
around with  
nowhere to go. . .**



Why not invest in one of our MAD Binders. Each binder will hold 12 issues of MAD and will add a touch of class to your fine examples of total rubbish which we publish each month. They have a simulated leather finish in Red with a Gold blocked MAD along the spine.

£3.50 (INC VAT)  
PLUS 50p postage

## Super Specials

AUTUMN '82 2.00 ea.  
AUTUMN '83 1.50 ea.  
WINTER '83 1.50 ea.  
SPRING '84 1.50 ea.  
SUMMER '84 1.50 ea.  
AUTUMN '84 1.75 ea.

## Artist's Specials

(Any three 4.00)  
No.1 Don Martin 1.50  
No.2 Don Martin 1.50  
No.3 Don Martin 1.50  
No.4 Spy Vs. Spy 1.50  
No.5 Al Jaffee 1.50  
No.6 Aragones 1.65

Send cheque or postal order to:

**SURON  
INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS**

44 Hill Street  
London W1X 8LB



First there was the Monty Python team, a nice bunch of middle class chaps who booted television comedy into the 70's. Then there was the Not the Nine O'Clock News team, just as nice and just as middle class, who dragged it into the 80's. But then came a bunch who were not nice, not middle class, and often not very funny either. They were . . .

# THE YOUNG BUMS

ARTIST: DAVID STOTEN WRITER: ROBIN SEAVILLE

I'm **Wreck**, and if you don't like it you can go away (surreal!!) **Everyone** calls me Wreck including me because I have trouble with my R's. And if you think that's just a **cheap way** to get in lots of **jokes** about my **bottom**, then you're absolutely **wright**. In fact I've written a **poem** about it. 'Oh **botty**, everyone thinks you're **grotty**, **botty**, because you sit on a **potty**, **botty**. But I don't.' (Wright on!)

I'm called **Veralynn** and I have a hand in most of the **violence** that goes on in this **series**. And usually a **boot** and a couple of **knuckledusters** as well. My **ambition** is to stick **safety pins** into every square inch of my body, then die horribly of **blood poisoning**. I have a **hamster** called **SAS** - it stands for **Stuffed Animal Skin**, because the BBC couldn't afford a real one.

I'm **Nil** and I'm into **lentils**. I think if **more people** ate lentils, there would be no more **war**, no more **atom bombs**, no more **unemployment** and no more **lentils**. Which means I would die of **starvation**. Not that anyone would care anyway. I'm **hungry**. I think I'll have a **hamburger**.

Call me **Muck**, right? Muck rhymes with **duck** - duck and drake, on the **make**, which I am all the **time** - time is **money** - money, **funny**, which I'm not because they never give me any of the **jokes**, only **tortuous metaphors** like 'this could be the big one, and I don't mean **Cyril Smith's vest**' - vest, pest - **pest control**, dole which we'll all be on soon unless we can come up with a **plot** even more noisy and **anarchic** than last week's.

Hello all you crazy **Consul Cortina Capitalists**! I am **Alexei Sellout**, and each week I come on wearing this tight suit and Hungarian butcher's **haircut** to make the same **jokes** in a silly accent, for example; I am not really Russian. It's just the way **my hat** stands. Ho, ho, ho, very satirical humour, like your **Rolf Harris**, yes? 'Tie my wallaby up, sport, tie my wallaby up.' And **now** before I waste any more of these 1960's references - which none of the **audience** understands anyway - here is this week's rib-tickling episode called '**Apocalypse? Wow!**'

David Stoten





Nil, this lunch you've cooked me is **disgusting!** I can't eat a **lentil omelette**.

Because I had a **lentil omelette** for **breakfast**, that's why not, **Nil!** Why can't you make something with a bit of **taste** for a change?

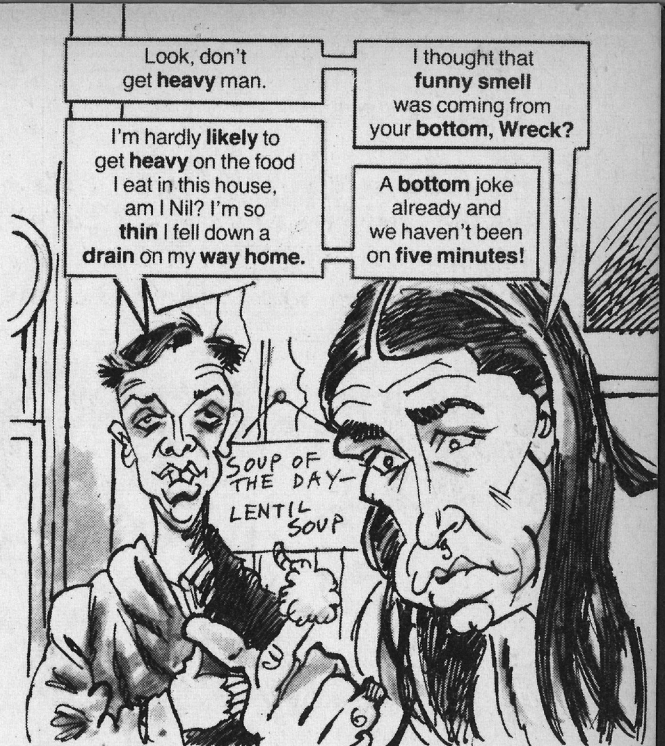
Oh, **wright on, wright on!**

Why do you keep saying **right on** like that, **Wreck?**

Because I want to compose a **poem** about you **Nil**, and I need something to **write** on okay?

Why not, **Wreck?**

I can't **Wreck**, this is the most **tasteless** show on television.



Look, don't get **heavy** man.

I'm hardly **likely** to get **heavy** on the food I eat in this house, am I **Nil**? I'm so **thin** I fell down a **drain** on my way home.

I thought that **funny** smell was coming from your **bottom**, **Wreck?**

A **bottom** joke already and we haven't been on **five** minutes!



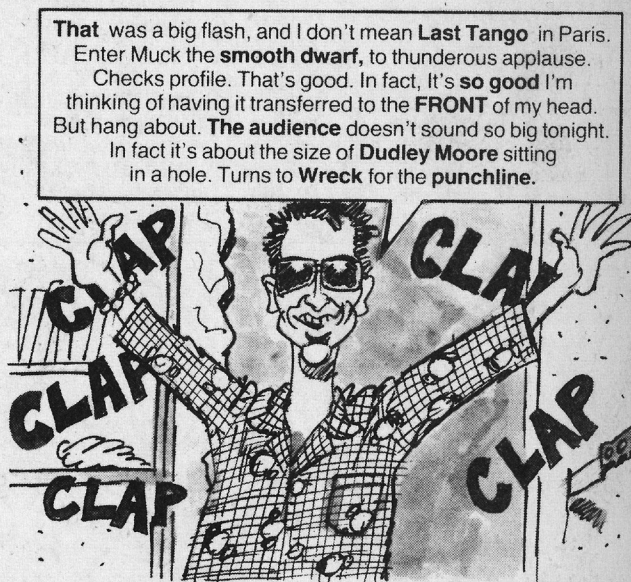
Oh wow.

Nil, why did you just **blow up** my lunch like that?

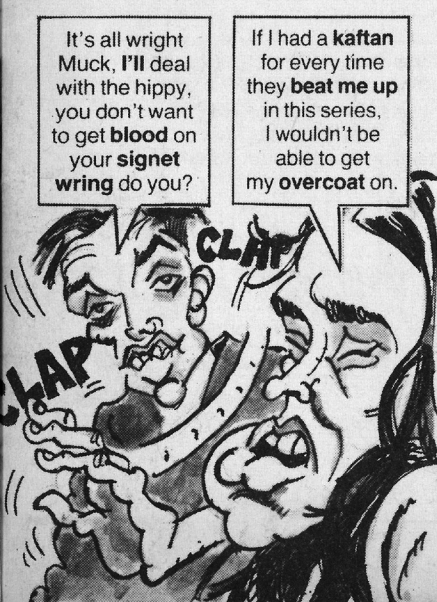
It's not **my** fault, **Wreck**. The oven **always** **explodes** during the first **five** minutes. It's in our **contract**, remember?

Do you know the **difference** between **you** and a broken **leg**, **Nil**? A broken leg is **FUNNY!**

**FOOM-BLammo!**



That was a big flash, and I don't mean **Last Tango** in Paris. Enter **Muck** the **smooth dwarf**, to thunderous applause. Checks profile. That's good. In fact, it's **so good** I'm thinking of having it transferred to the **FRONT** of my head. But hang about. **The audience** doesn't sound so big tonight. In fact it's about the size of **Dudley Moore** sitting in a hole. Turns to **Wreck** for the **punchline**.



It's all **wright** **Muck**, I'll deal with the **hippy**, you don't want to get **blood** on your **signet wring** do you?

If I had a **kaftan** for every time they **beat me up** in this series, I wouldn't be able to get my **overcoat** on.



**Wreck**, look what I picked up on the **way home**.

Oh **thank you** very much **Verallynn**. Do you realise you very nearly creased my **Cliff Wrichard** for **God** poster?

**Sorry** **Wreck**, I meant to **destroy** it utterly

**Why** can't you use the **door** like everyone else?

Because I destroyed **THAT** utterly last week!

**CRUNCH!!**





Look, I got a letter this morning.

What does it say?

'Aitch.'

**Uncanny!**

I smell a rat and I don't mean in Nil's cooking.

On the other side it says the BBC are taking us off because our nihilistic brand of anarhic humour is setting a bad example to kids.

I knew we should have taken over Television Centre when we had the chance.

We couldn't Muck because -

No don't tell me. you destroyed THAT utterly the week BEFORE last!

Hello boys! Tremeloos, Cilla Black and Ford Prefects!

Mr Bokanowski, YOU haven't asked the BBC to take us off the air just to get us out of your house have you?

Who me? Igor Bokanowski? Troggs, mini-skirts, Carnaby Street? I am your FRIEND, Wreck. Which reminds me, you owe me £250 for unblocking the shower.

But the shower wasn't blocked, Mr Bokanowski.

It will be, with your head if you don't cough up, Dave Clark Five, Randall and Hopkirk Deceased.

In That case you'd better talk to someone who's already so wet, getting stuffed into a shower won't make any difference. NIL!



I can't pay it, Wreck. I haven't got any bread left, man.

Don't tell me, you used the last of it to make lentil sandwiches.

How did you know?

Because I wrote the script, that's how I know, hippy.

No, I'm not very happy actually Wreck, because since you wrote the script, you get all the jokes while everyone else has to make do with miserable uncool puns like that one.

All right lads, everybody out, it's time for my spot.

You've got a spot, Mr Bokanowski? Would you like to borrow my acne cream?

Do you mind, son, England winning the World Cup? Leave it out.

Yes all wright, I'll leave it out on the shelf in the bathroom.

With teenagist jokes like that no wonder the BBC have had enough of them, Dangerman. Swinging London, Freddie and the Dreamers.



I saw a social worker in a Morris Minor the other day. He was driving a hard bargain. I bought a Norwedgian pine scatter cushion last week, sitting on it goes against the grain. I never take drugs, me. I always have to pay for them like everybody else. I live in Stoke Newington. On a Saturday night it's a cosmic experience - like falling down a Black Hole. I'm a Marxist. Harpo is my favourite. I'm the best thing on this show. I thought I'd better tell you, there's no way you'd have known otherwise. Oh well, back to the crazy stuff. What's this over here in the cage?

If I wasn't stuffed before, I am now. In the next shot I WAS going to explode but it was cut in case the RSPCA was watching. This show has always prided itself on its social conscience!





I'll kill that rotten director when I get hold of him!

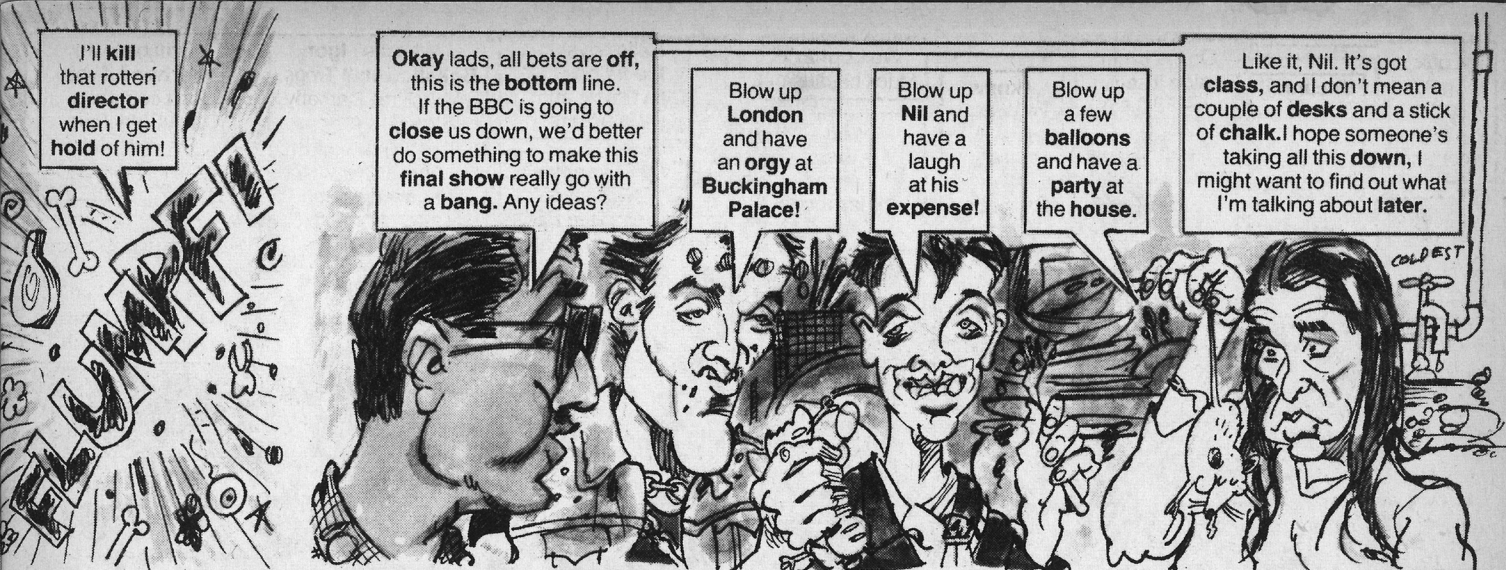
Okay lads, all bets are off, this is the **bottom** line. If the BBC is going to close us down, we'd better do something to make this **final show** really go with a **bang**. Any ideas?

Blow up London and have an **orgy** at Buckingham Palace!

Blow up Nil and have a laugh at his **expense**!

Blow up a few **balloons** and have a **party** at the house.

Like it, Nil. It's got **class**, and I don't mean a couple of **desks** and a stick of **chalk**. I hope someone's taking all this **down**, I might want to find out what I'm talking about **later**.



This is the part of the **show** where I go into the **toilet** to drown myself and **Veralynn** comes in and kicks a hole in the **cistern**. But I've fooled him **this time**. I've already **shot** myself in the head! Mind you, I didn't put any **bullets** in the gun, I'm a **pacifist**.



Who are you?

**Best place** for you, I bet you don't even know the words to '**Blowin in the Wind**.'

You're not going to let a **big star** like **Cliff Richard** perform in your **TOILET** are you?

Of course not. We're going to let **HIM** perform on the **LID**!

We are **Duran Duran** and we're this week's **group** performing in the **toilet**.

Just a **minute**, Nil. **Duran Duran** aren't **big enough** to play on such a successful show as this. There's only one person who is - **Cliff Wrichard**!



If life's a **party** darling, you're a can of **Fosters**. And I'm talking **six-pack**!

No, I'm **English**. And you don't get many of those to a pound of **toffees**!

Read, write, name the **Seven Dwarfs**, what's the price of **eggs** compared to the number of **Heinz varieties**?

Give us a **Kiss** and I'll tell you! It may be **sexist**, but at least everyone knows what it means!

Never mind that, are you **literate**?

I **meant** can you **read** and **write**?

**Look**. What are you **talking** about?

Hey man, your **banner's** upside down.

Far out, man.

We're going to storm the symbol of repression in our society, the symbol of **tyranny**, the symbol of **privilege** and **consumerism**!

I know man. It like, represents the **confusion** of my soul in the **inchoate maelstrom** of the **universe**.

Also I was **stoned** when I **painted** it. Where are we going?

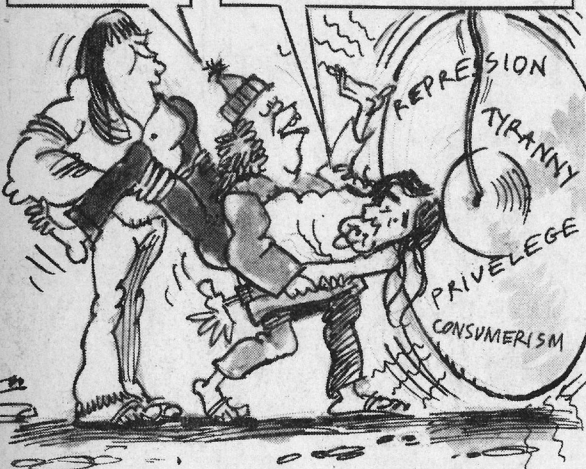
**Wow**, man, you mean **Sainsbury's**





No man, but what the hell, one **cymbal** is as good as another.

My **horoscope** said I would meet a load of **headbangers** today. It didn't say it was going to be **MY** head they'd be banging!



.... and after the **party**, brothers, we'll **wise** up in armed **wrevolt**, wright?

Wright! Or rather, **right**!

But first, I'll wread you my new **poem**. 'W**revolution**, are you the **solution**, w**revolution**? (far out!) you're not confusion, w**revolution**. You're a **fusion** of losts of different things (Cliff will be proud of me!) so let's do it in **collusion**, w**revolution**!' (This is the **stuff** the kids want! **Wright**. Kids?)



**Rubbish!** Get off! Bring back **Pam Ayres**!

I bet **Che Guevara** never had this trouble!

I'm going to get **sacked** soon and I need a really wild and violent **gimmick** for the **going-away party**. What can you suggest?

How about a couple of **Bengal tigers**?

How about a couple of **Bombay ducks** then? They're almost as wild and **violent**.

Too big to fit in my **pockets**.

Not very **noisy** though are they?

Depends how **tight** you hold them. (Is this **REALLY** going out on **BBC2**?) Tell you what, if it's **noise** you're after, I've got **just** the thing.



**Great!** If you're going to be **fired**, this is the only way to go!

What did you get for this **party** then, **Wreck**?

Two packets of **crisps** and a bottle of **Tizer**, if you **MUST** know **Muck**.

Is **that** all?

I would have got **more**, only **Nil**, who shall remain **nameless**, forgot to go to the **bank** for me this morning.

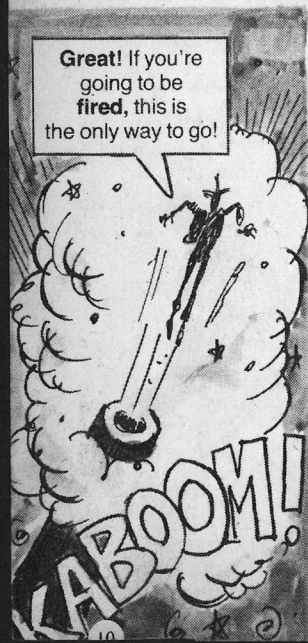
What did you get then, **Nil**?

A **Headache Muck**. Actually, I think I might even have bruised my **karma**.

Sounds painful.

It **is**, man. I didn't know I **had** one till someone **trod** on it.

And **Veralynn** ...? Where's **he** got to?





Hey lads, I've got the **Police** outside.

The Police? You brought **Fascist Pigs** to my home? you **wrat**, Veralynn!

No, the **GROUP**, Wreck. They want to play in our **broom cupboard**, and since it's the last of the **series**, they'll only charge us 2 million quid instead of their **USUAL** fee!

I'm sorry Veralynn, they're still too **small** for our show. I'm going to wring up **Cliff** now.

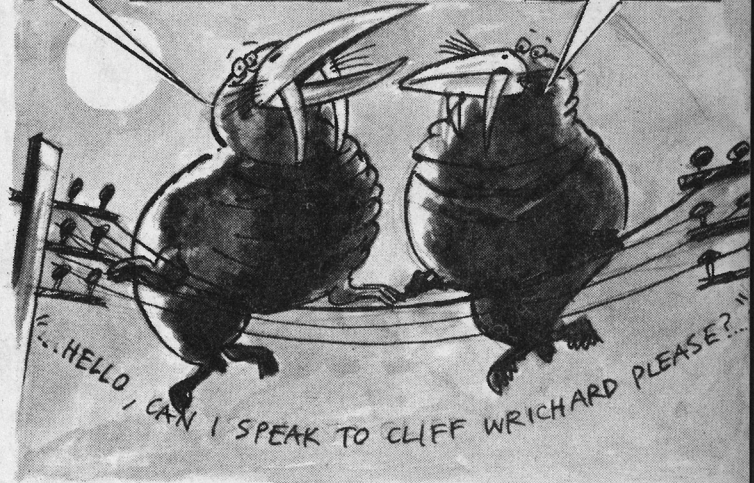
**Great!** Cliff Michelmore is **ALL** we need to make this **party** a complete **disaster!**

I say **Harry**, what are we **doing** up here?

I don't know, **Roger**. This is one of those **surrealistic bits** the **Young Bums** stick in from time to time for no **apparent** reason.

Do you think we're **supposed** to be **funny**?

I shouldn't think so, **Roger**. What's so **funny** about two **stuffed walruses** wearing **false beaks** sitting on a **telephone wire**?



Maybe we should just **eat** each other? All the **stuffed animals** on **this** show seem to die **horribly sooner** or **later**.

If it's **all** the same to you **Roger**, I'd rather just **sit** here and read my **Tatler**.

It's a **mes** business but **someone's** got to do it. Can I go **home** now please?

**Roger?** Let me **out** of here!



Well, I must say the **costume department** has done us proud. Look at all these **weird** characters!

They're tying **Nil** to an **atom bomb**, **Muck**.

The only trouble is we **still** haven't arranged a **big bang** to end on.

What do you **mean**, weird characters? They're this week's **studio audience!**

That **hippy** gets all the **luck!**

What are those two **aardvarks** doing in the corner?

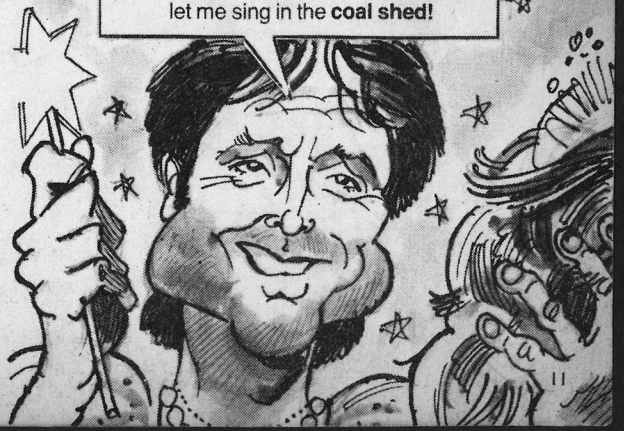
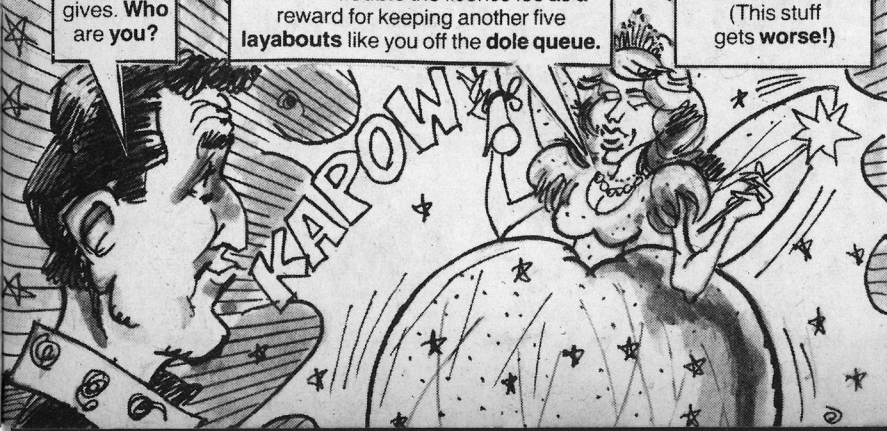


That's better service than **McEnroe** gives. **Who** are you?

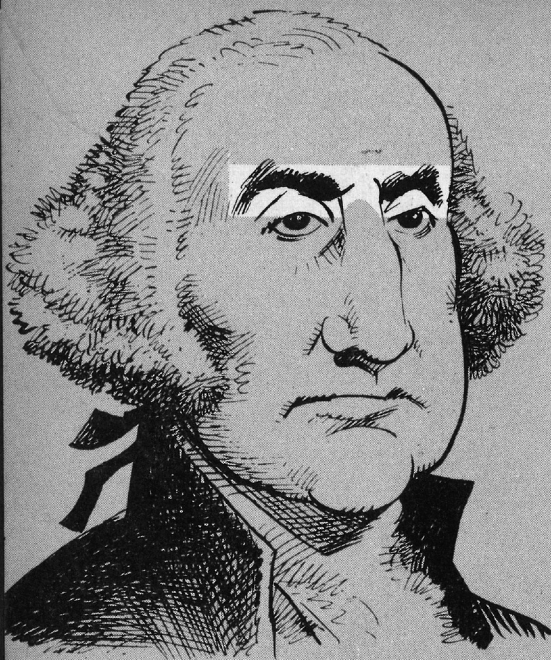
I am your **Fairy Godmother**, sent by the **BBC**. Sign this contract for a new series and the **government** will let them **double** the licence fee as a reward for keeping another five **layabouts** like you off the **dole queue**.

**Out of order!** And I don't mean **broken down** and dripping oil **all over** the floor. (This stuff gets **worse!**)

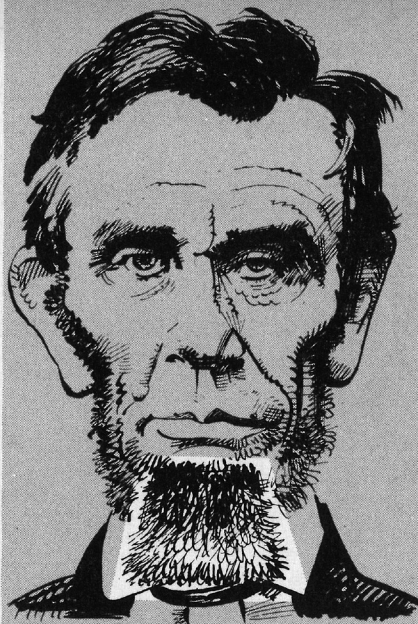
Okay, so it was a **sneaky** trick but how better to get rid of my **goody-goody** image than by appearing with the **Young Bums**? Who knows, in the **new series** they might even let me sing in the **coal shed!**







**The Eyebrows of  
GEORGE WASHINGTON**



**The (Upside-Down)  
Beard Of  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN**



**The Eyebrows, And  
Wedding Ring Of  
RONALD REAGAN**

#### **OUR FEATURES PRESENTATION DEPT.**

This summer, America's two major political parties held their National Conventions to nominate their candidates for President of the United States. And this November, the voters will choose between them. Of course, these Presidential candidates will have good features... and bad features. But neither will be perfect! Which brings us to this article: We've taken selected features from two dynamic past Presidents... plus all the other hopefuls who, either actively or passively, sought their Party's nomination in 1984... and put them together to bring you—

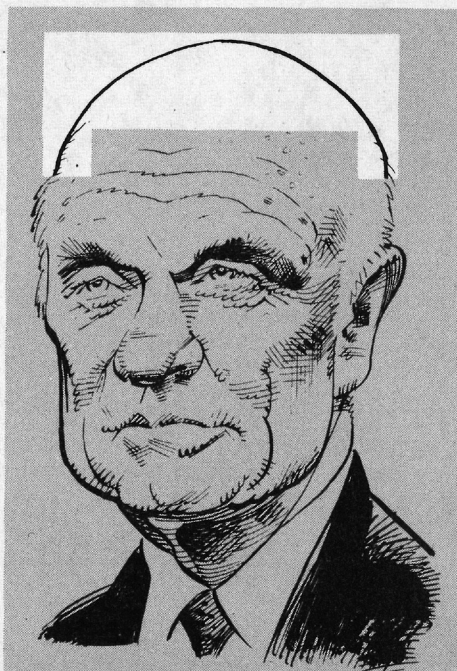


# MAD'S

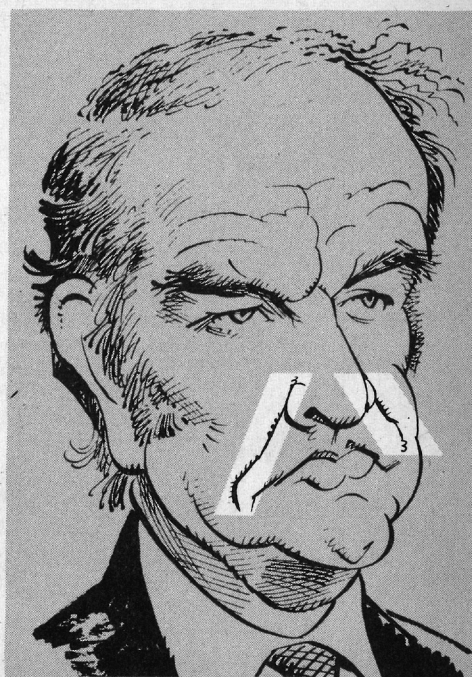
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



**The Nose, And The  
Shock Of Gray Hair Of  
TED KENNEDY**

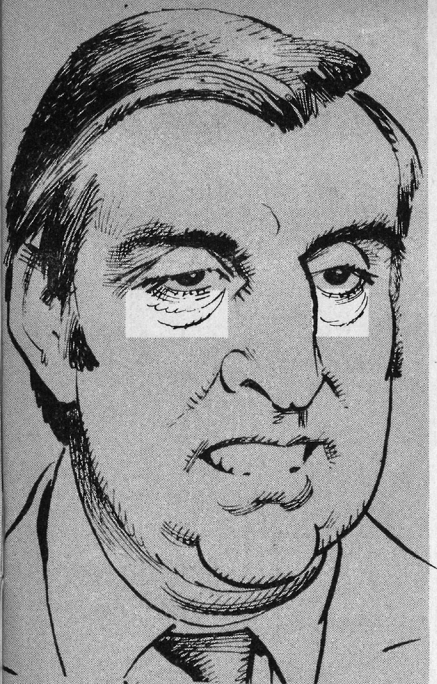


**The Bald Pate Of  
JOHN GLENN**



**The Expression Lines Of  
GEORGE MCGOVERN**

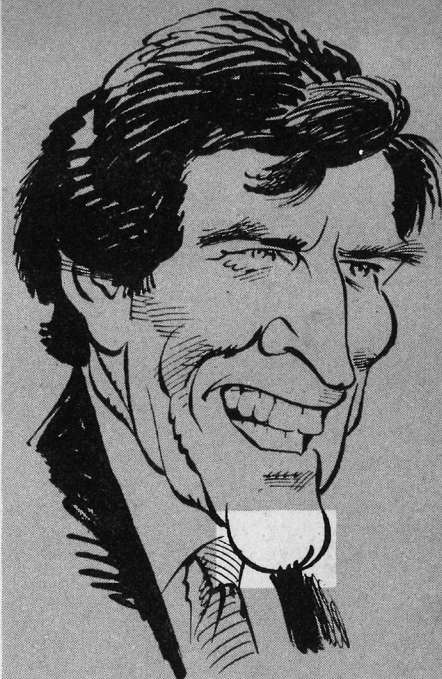




The Eye Bags Of  
WALTER MONDALE



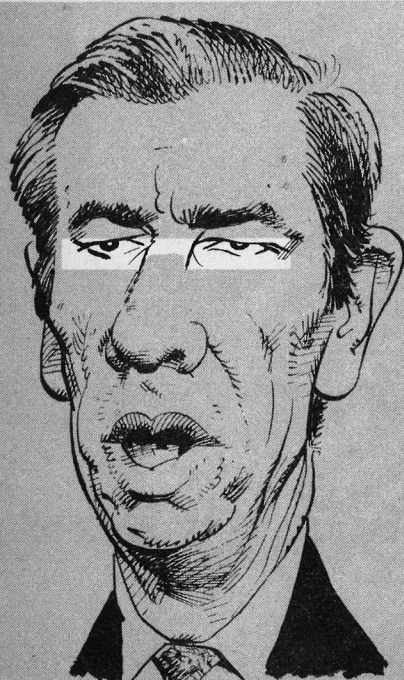
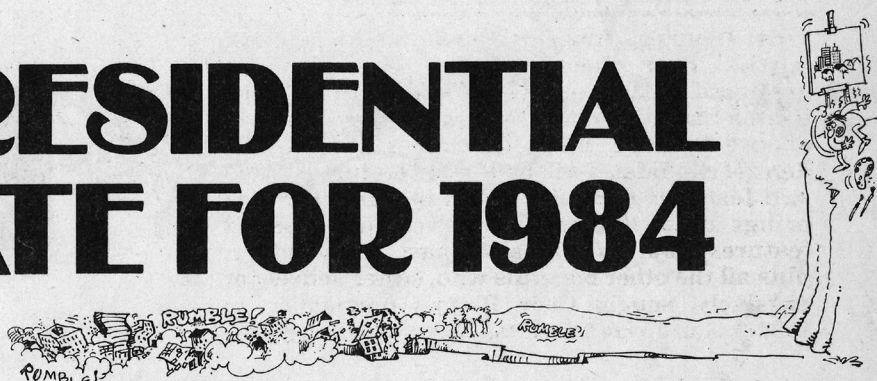
The (Flipped) Hair  
And Sideburns Of  
JESSE JACKSON



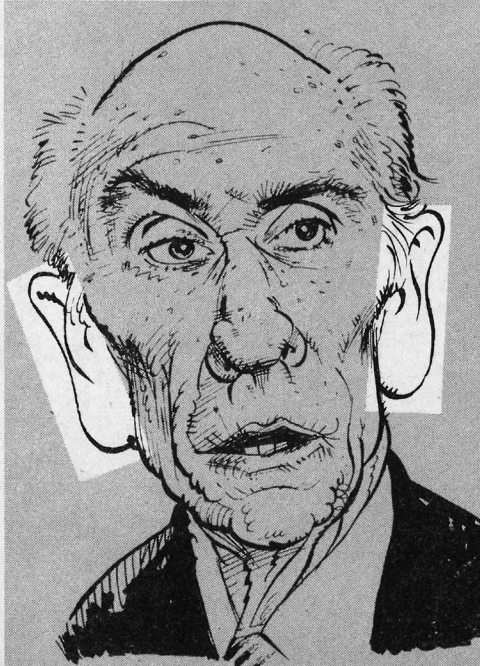
The Chin Of  
GARY HART

# IDEAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FOR 1984

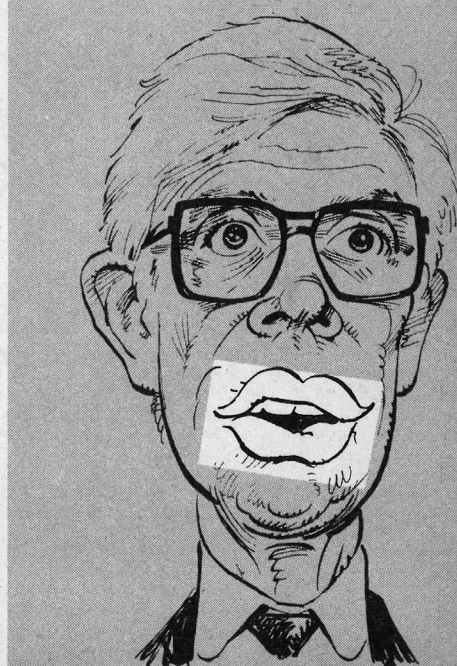
WRITER: DON EDWING



The Eyes Of  
REUBIN ASKEW



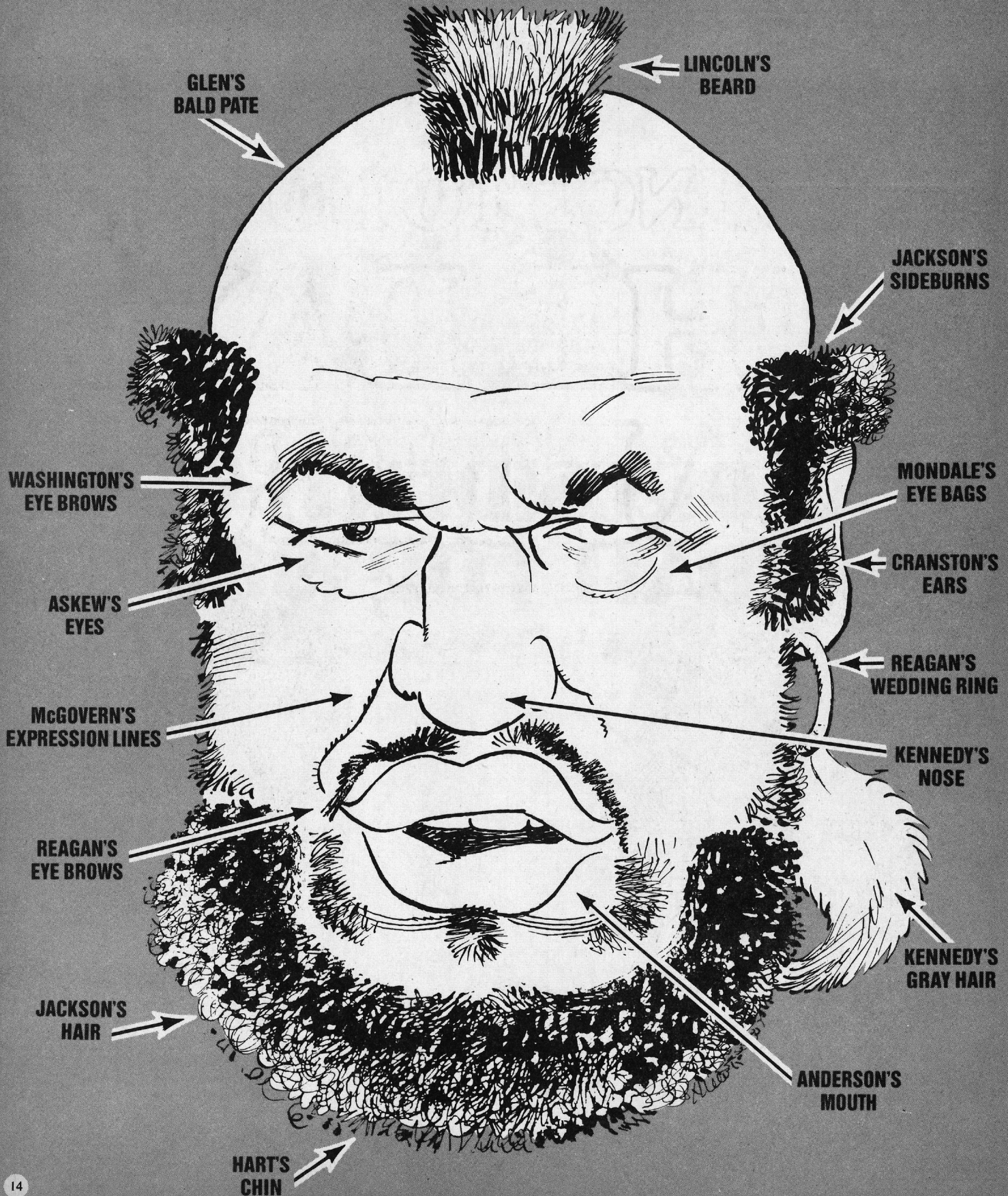
The Ears Of  
ALAN CRANSTON



The (Flipped) Mouth of  
JOHN ANDERSON



# AND HERE HE IS ... MAD'S IDEAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FOR 1984





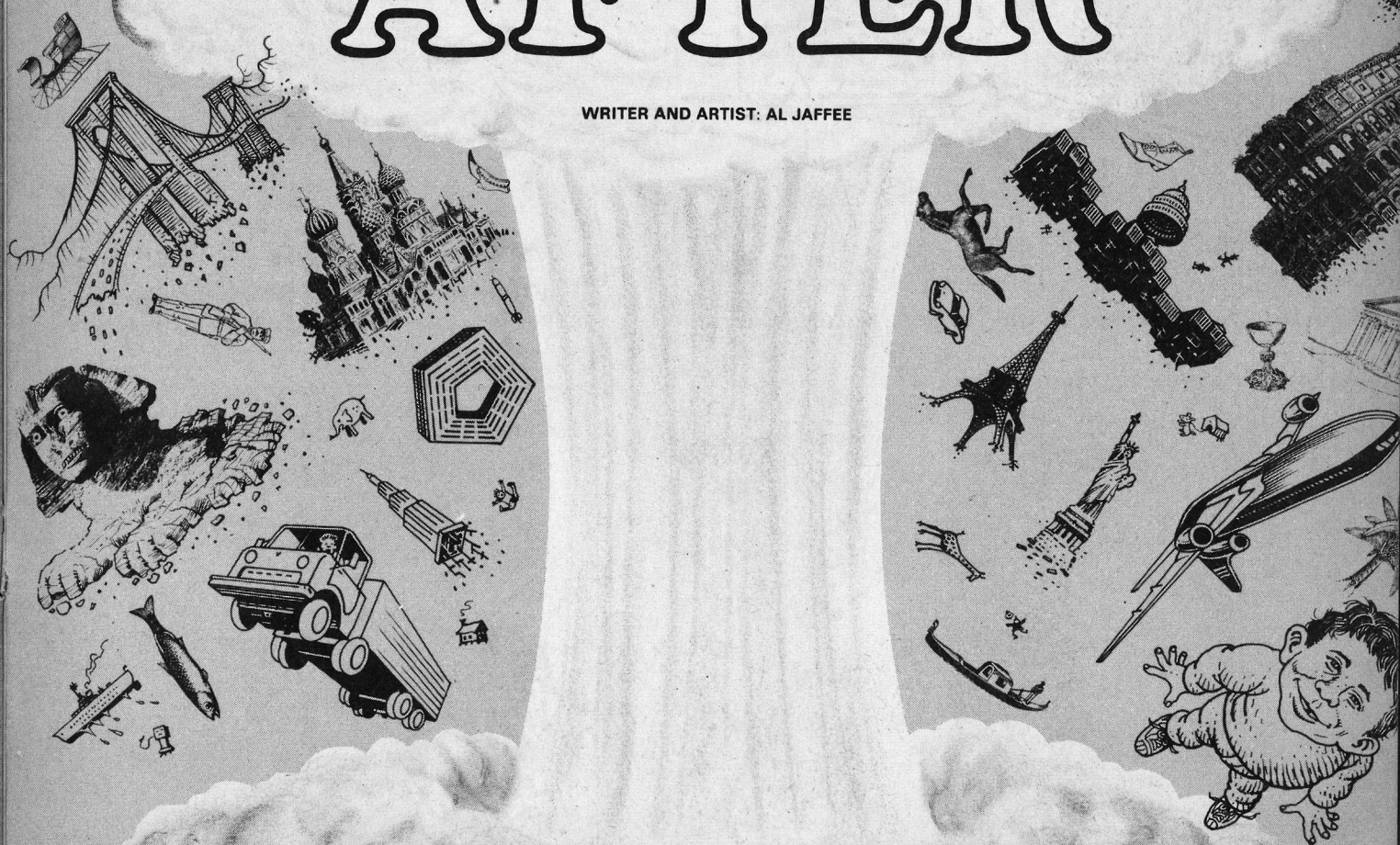
**BLAST LAUGH DEPT.**

Everyone knows that the best thing to do in difficult times is to keep busy! Keeping busy occupies your mind and prevents you from going into deep depression. So, just to be safe, here are some MAD suggestions for keeping busy during the difficult time ahead. Mainly, here are some

**DANGER:**  
**Govt. Health WARNING:**  
**EXPOSURE TO NUCLEAR**  
**RADIATION MAY BE**  
**HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH**

# THINGS TO DO ON THE DAY AFTER

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE







Cancel your subscription to "House Beautiful" magazine.



Use old "Nuclear Protest Signs" to close broken windows.



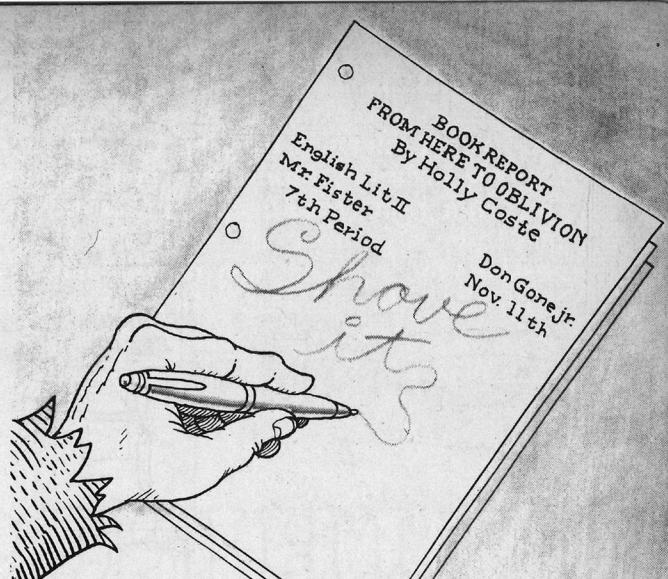
Find other uses for flashlights, now that you glow in the dark.



Stuff a pillow with your falling-out hair, and...



... make a necklace with your falling-out teeth.

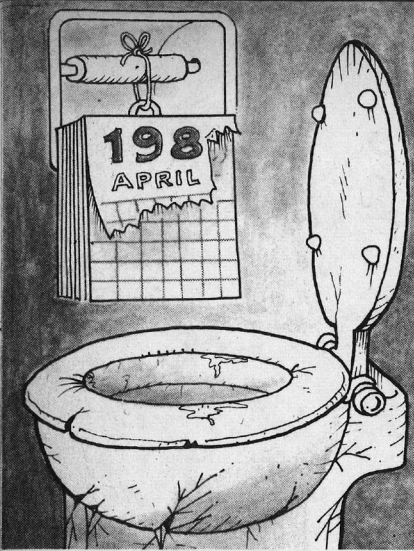


Write a tender message on your overdue term paper.

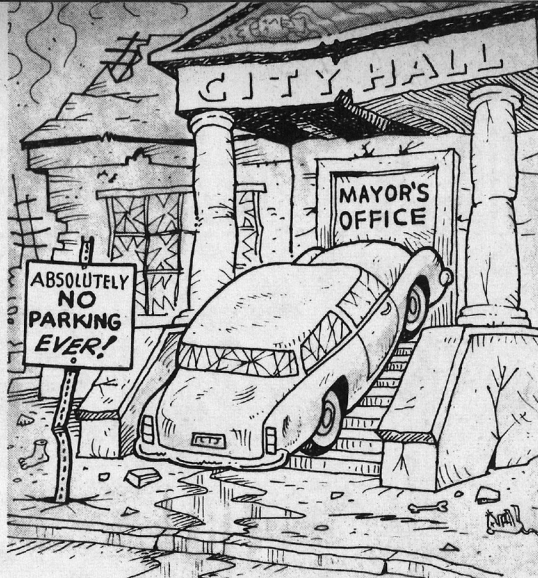


Use birth control devices for other recreational activities... now that everyone's sterile anyway.

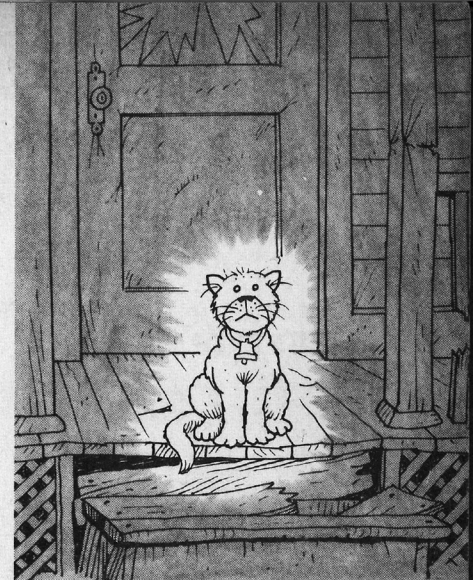




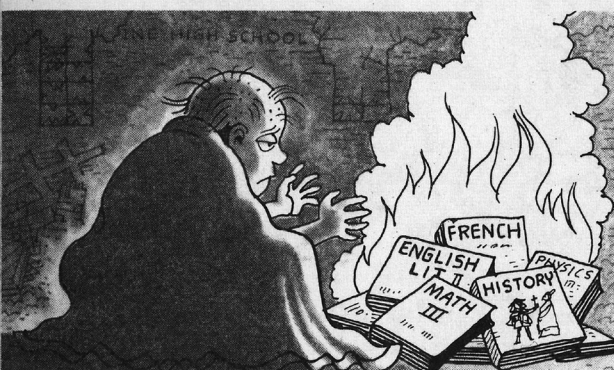
Put your Ten-Year-Calendar to more immediate practical use.



Park anywhere you like any time you like.



Put the cat out as a night light.



Use your school textbooks to keep warm.



Promise to clean your room if your parents buy you a bulldozer.



Call any broker and offer to buy ten million shares of General Motors Corp. for ten cents.



Treat your "Pro-Nuke" neighbor to a special cigar you've saved for just such an occasion.



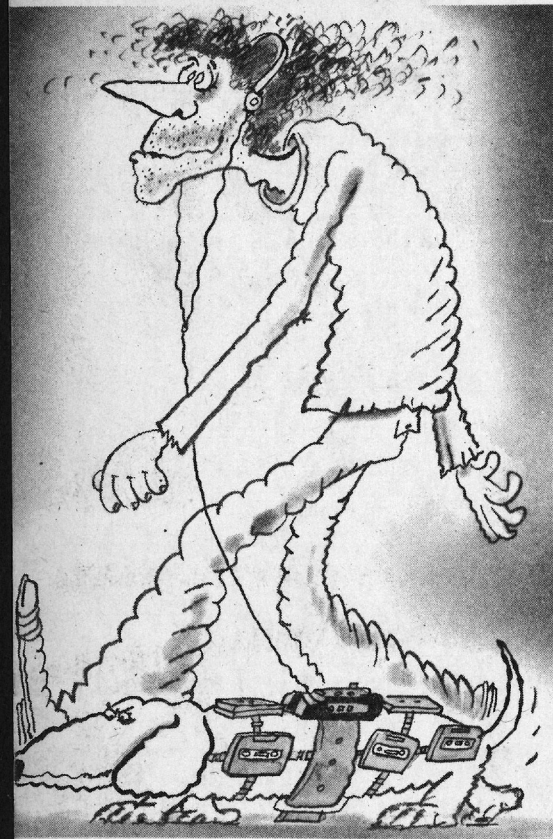
Eat, drink and smoke anything you want! The nicotine, tars and additives are the least of your problems now.



IT'S TRAINING CATS AND DOGS, ETC. DEPT.

# OTHER USES FOR

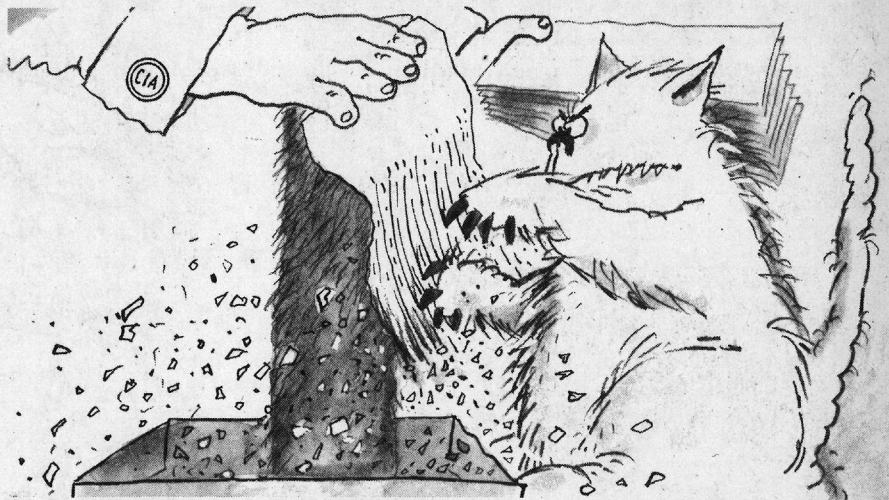
**DACHSHUND WALKMAN  
CASSETTE CARRIER**



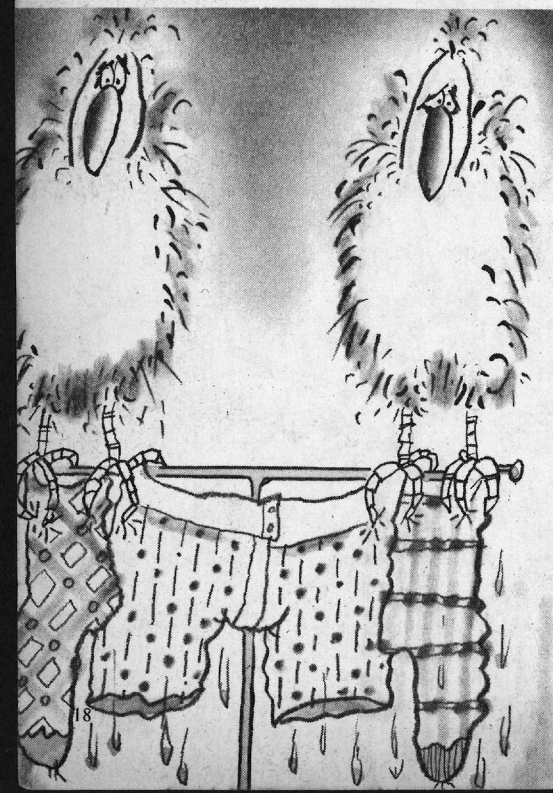
**CHIHUAHUA PICKPOCKET GUARD**



**PUSSYCAT PAPER-SHREDDER**



**PARROT CLOTHES PINS**



**POINTER END TABLE**





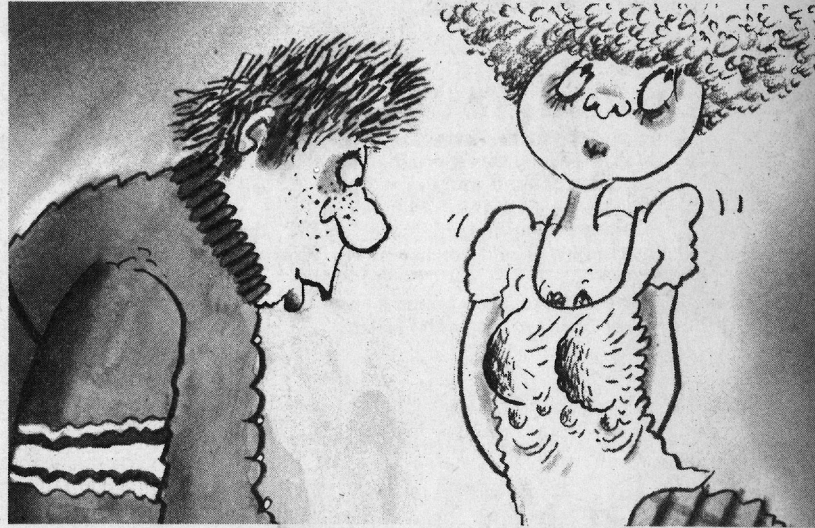
# HOUSEHOLD PETS

WRITER AND ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGÈS

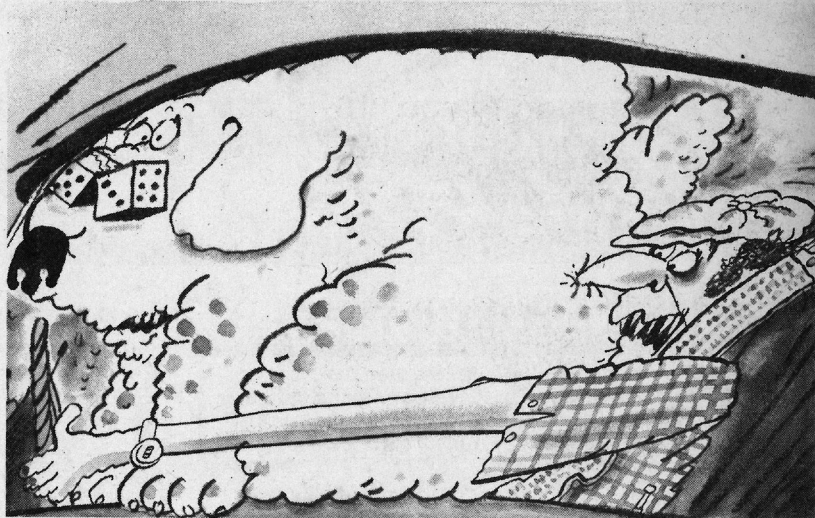
**ST. BERNARD ENVELOPE SEALER**



**TWIN TURTLE NO-SLIP FALSIES**



**SHEEP DOG CAR CRASH SAFETY CUSHION**



**HAMSTER DOWNSPOUT CLEANER**



**CANARY COOKIE CUTTER**





Did you ever stop to think that what you say isn't what you always mean? In other words (See? What *we* say isn't what *we* always mean, either!), we usually have two conversations going on at one time. First, there are words that

# THE "INS" AND "OUTS"

## AT FUNERALS...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Melvin Twilley was more than a devoted Husband and Father! He was also a dear Friend! I never heard him complain! I never heard him say an unkind word!

I never even knew the guy! I never heard him say ANYTHING!

Oh, Melvin, my darling! I'm all alone now! What will I do without you! How could you leave me like this?

Idiot! Why didn't you take out that £100,000 policy while you had the chance!?!

There, there, Eloise! Just remember he gave you thirty years of happiness and a life-time of memories! That's all you should think about now!

I wonder if it's too soon to ask her about the apartment?

Thanks for giving Dad this simple, dignified funeral, Mr. Hotchkiss!

It wouldn't've been so simple if we'd bought that bronze coffin you tried to stick us with!



## AMONG ARTISTIC TYPES...

Armand, it—it's inspired! To me, it represents Man-kind trying to withstand the crushing inevitability of the nuclear holocaust!

Actually, it looks more like a crippled chicken!

More than that, it also connoted undying optimism standing firm before the fury of a world gone mad!

Holy cow! And all along, I just thought I was making a crippled chicken!



## APPLYING FOR JOBS...

This is a fine opportunity for you to grow with our firm, my boy! Don't look at it as a job ... but as a life-time career!

I only need this clod for the big Holiday Season rush! Then, I'll kick him out on his ass!

This is a dream come true for me Mr. Fink! Just think ... a chance to learn the Retail Business from the ground up!

All I want is to take this idiot for £200, then I'm off to Spain for the Holidays!





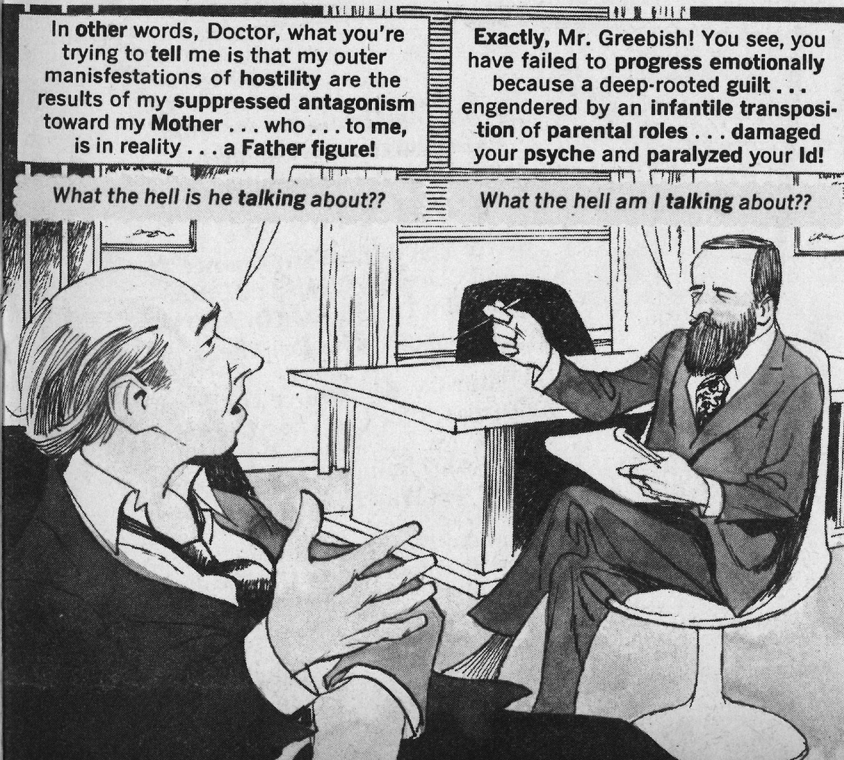
we *speak* which people *hear* ... and then there are the words that we *think* ... usually what we *really* mean to say ... which *nobody* *hears*. In short, we speak with an "inner" voice and an "outer" voice. You'll see what it's all about in

# OF DAILY CONVERSATION

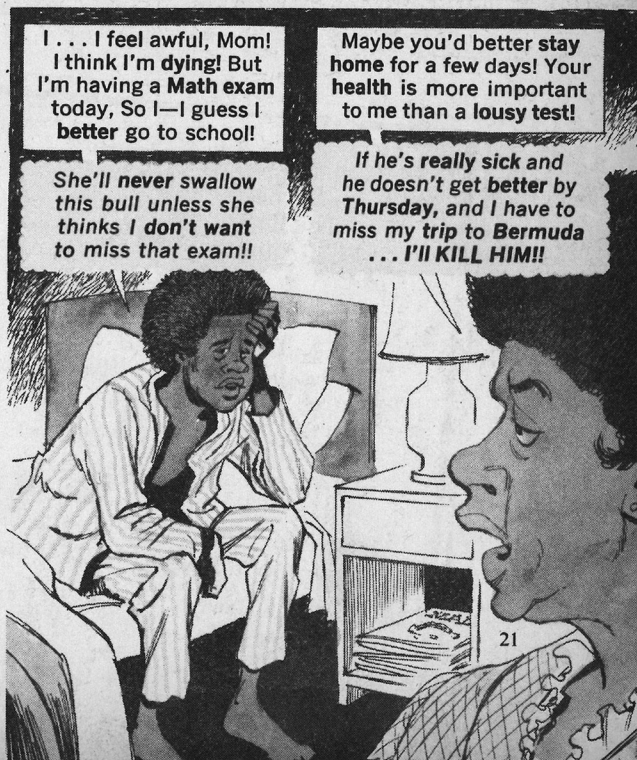
## AT COCKTAIL PARTIES ...



## IN PSYCHIATRISTS' OFFICES ...



## WITH PARENTS ...





**PARTY FAVORS DEPT.**

One of the differences between life in Colonial America and life in America today is that our ancestors used to participate in community gatherings where they would work and/or socialize at the same time in order to make tedious jobs a little more

# CONTEMPORARY WORK/FUN

Master Billy Thompson  
Desperately Invites You To  
Join Him And His Friends In A

## Bedroom Clean-up

As They Pick Up Hundreds Of  
Toys, Games, Comic Books,  
Dirty Clothes, Dirty Dishes,  
Empty Junk-Food Packages,  
Candy Wrappers and Possibly  
His Long-Lost Kid Sister

On February Fourth At Ten A.M.

And Receive A Special Prize:

A Map Of Billy's Room Showing The  
Last Known Location Of His Bed,  
His Closet And His Dresser, Made  
After His Last "Bedroom Clean-Up"

Come—See Help Clean Up The Mess  
Old Friends You Helped To Make

You Are Hereby Ordered To Attend  
Benny Hoppman's  
Third (In Seven Months)

## Stereo 8-Track Tape Deck Installation

Yes, Benny Has Had Another Tape Deck  
Stolen From His Car! You Will Help  
Him Put In A New One ... Or Else

On Saturday, March 8th,  
At 12:30 In The Afternoon

Be Sure  
And Lock  
Your Car

... Or He'll Be Helping YOU  
Install YOUR New Tape Deck  
On The Following Saturday

You Are Cordially Invited  
To Participate In  
The Parker Family's  
First Annual Emergency

## Laundry Folding

Beginning At  
Twelve O'Clock Noon  
January 4th

When We Will Fold And Chat  
In An Attempt To Clear The  
Piles Of Unfolded Laundry  
That Have Accumulated Since The  
Resignation Of Our Maid, Zelda

Lunch And Dinner Plan On Making  
Will Be Served A Day Of It

Sidney And Lydia Goldschmidt  
Cordially Invite You To An  
End-Of-The-Summer

## Pool Cleaning

Where You'll Have The Chance To  
Add Chlorine, Clean The Filter  
And Skim The Surface Of All The  
Garbage You've Put There

On Saturday, September The Sixth  
At Three O'Clock In The Afternoon

If You Enjoy Being Near The Water,  
It's A Perfect Way To Spend The Day!

How Our Pool  
Gets So Filthy  
Is A Mystery

Help Us  
Get To The  
Bottom Of It



enjoyable. Quilting Bees, Husking Bees and Barn-Raisings were just a few of the very popular communal work/fun gatherings back then, and we think that idea could fly today. So you are cordially invited to read the following invitations to . . .

# RY COMMUNAL GATHERINGS

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

Never Having Broken A Chain Letter  
In Her Life, And Having Returned  
From Vacation To Find A Backlog Of  
Thirty Chain Letters In Her Mail

Miss Charlotte "Lucky" Millburn  
Cordially Invites You To A

Chain Letter  
Writing Party

On Friday, January Eleventh  
From Three To Seven P.M.

We Have To Write, Fold, Stuff And  
Address Over 400 Pieces Of Mail

All Of My Superstitious Friends  
With Neat Penmanship Will Be There

Kindly Make Seven Copies Of This  
Invitation And Mail Them To People  
Who You Think Will Want To Help,  
Or Suffer Terrible Bad Luck

In His Usual State Of Absolute Panic  
Arnie (Bubba) Finklefarb  
Anxiously Invites You To Assist Him  
In His Fourth Bi-Annual  
Final Exams Cram

On Saturday, June The Fourteenth  
And Sunday, June The Fifteenth

From Twelve Noon To Midnight  
In Hopes That Your Famous Expertise  
In The Following Subjects Might  
Get Something Through His Thick Head

Trigonometry  
Earth Science

Social Studies  
Spanish

English  
Gym

With His Rent Several Months In Arrears  
After Having Lost His Job, And Seeing  
No Prospects In The Immediate Future  
Mr. Edward P. Hall  
Cordially Invites You To Assist At His

**Moonlight Flit**

On Wednesday, April 30th

We Start As Soon As The Landlord's Asleep

Bring Your Own Car—Or Truck—Or Anything  
Else With Wheels That'll Carry Furniture

I Haul! You Haul! We All Haul For Ed Hall!

Absolutely No  
Refreshments

But Plenty Of  
Exercise

In Trembling Anticipation Of The Usual  
First Night Activities Coinciding  
With The Arrival Of His Mother-In-Law  
For Her Annual Two-Week Visit  
Mr. Zachary T. Mungler  
Invites You To Participate In A

**Family Argument**

On Saturday, May Twenty Fourth  
At About Eight-Thirty P.M.

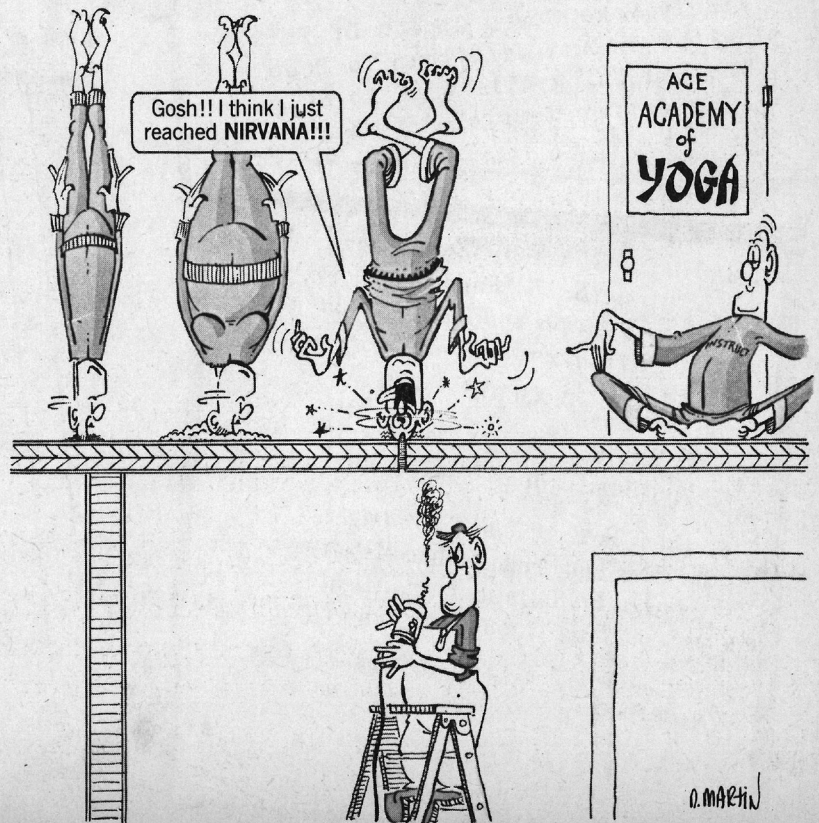
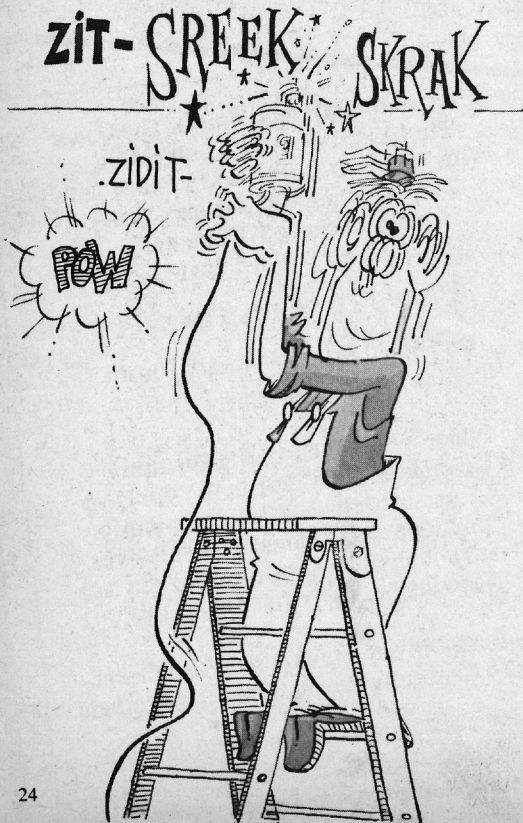
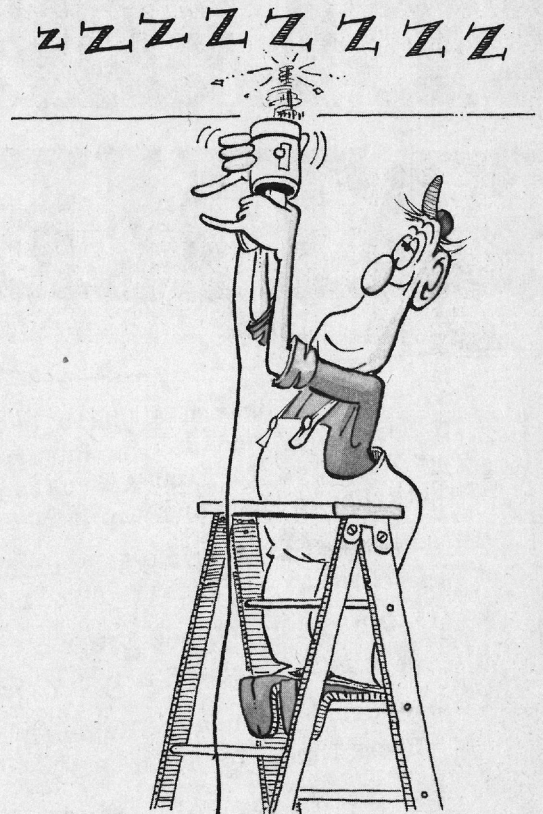
In Which You Are Gleelessly Encouraged  
To Take Sides And Contribute Your Own  
Insults, Accusations, Slurs, Recriminations,  
Vilifications, Aspersions and Pet Peeves  
(Even Though Such Back-Biting Might Not  
Necessarily Apply To His Family)

To Drag Old Skeletons Out Of The Closet  
And To Generally Rub Salt Into Old Wounds

Refreshments And Aggravation Will Be Served



# THE ELECTRICIAN





**SWEAT SUCKS! DEPT.**

Wherever you look today, people are into jogging, tennis, marathon-running and other forms of (yecch) exerting pastimes. Mainly, physical fitness has taken over. Which makes it really tough on lazy slobs who hate exercise in any form, but don't want to admit it. What in heck are they supposed to do? Well... as luck would have it, MAD recently came across a catalogue crammed with items especially designed for the "Non-Athlete." Which is our way of introducing...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IDEA BY JAMES KASMIR

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

# The SHAM-JOCK Catalog

PHONY  
ATHLETIC  
ATTIRE  
FOR THE  
ARMCHAIR  
ATHLETE

Get With The  
Sham-Jock Look  
And Fake Out  
Your Friends!

**SHAM-JOCK SPORTING GOODS, INC.**  
Manufacturing Equipment For The Non-Athlete  
Who Wants To Look Like One Since 1980 Or So





# OUR "SLOB'S SWEATSUIT" IS DESIGNED TO IMPRESS!

## NOTE THESE EXCLUSIVE SHAM-JOCK FEATURES!

The "stenciled inscription" makes it look as if you once starred as a first-string college athlete.

The pre-stained underarms gives "evidence" that your sweatshirt has actually been sweated in.

The pre-patched knees convinces your friends that this is a garment that has actually been used for your grueling daily workouts.

The pre-ripped ankle bands backs up wild stories of your "courage" attempting to evade snapping dogs while jogging or marathon-running.

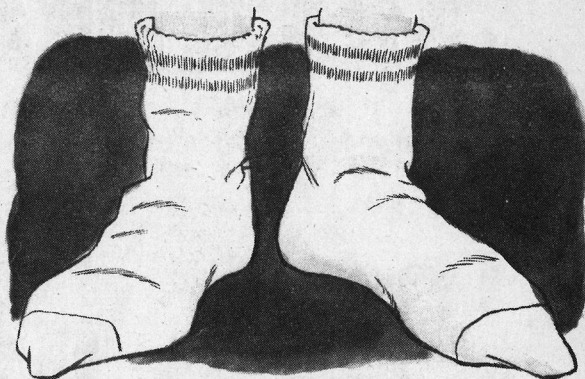


Sweatshirt elbows are triple-layer padded, providing comfy support for those weekends that you spend holding cans of beer while you doze off in your favorite easy chair!

**NO. 819**

**£19.95**

# YOU REALLY GET INTO SHAM-JOCK SOCKS!



Sock it to your chums with our phony footwear! Each pair of our Sham-Jock Socks sports bogus "athletic stripes" at their tops—pre-faded to simulate rugged jock use! Actually, material is heather-soft cashmere for maximum luxuriating while you're goofing off!



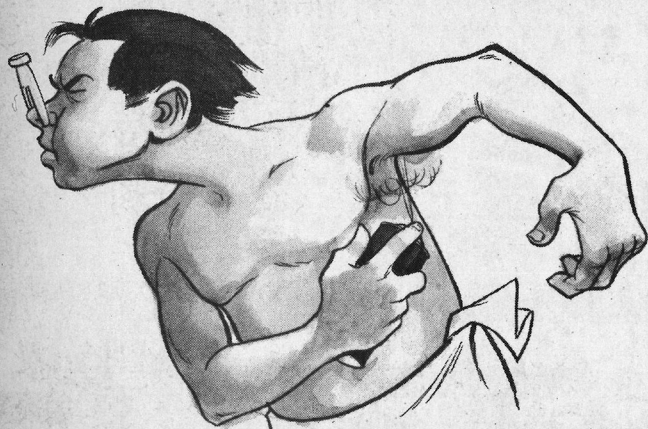
Order 3 pair of socks and get a FREE spray can of our patented Foot-Stench formulated to duplicate the ulp-sickening smell of most runners' feet!

**NO. 435**

**1 PR. £2.50**

**3 PR. £7.00**

# SMELLING IS BELIEVING!

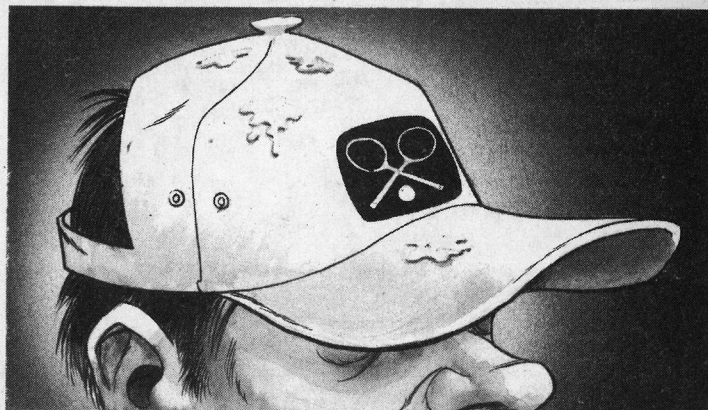


So why work up perspiration when you can spray it on with "Quik Sweat"? Applied to the face, it beads and runs like the real thing! Applied to the underarms, it clings and gives you that unmistakable "work-out odor"!

**NO. 297**

**PER CAN £2.95**

# KEEP ON THE TOP OF YOUR GAME!



Your game of fakery, that is, when you wear your nifty Sham-Jock Tennis Hat! Pre-wilted and pre-stained with lifelike bird droppings, it has that authentic "Used Look" coveted by all lazy non-athletes! Order it today!

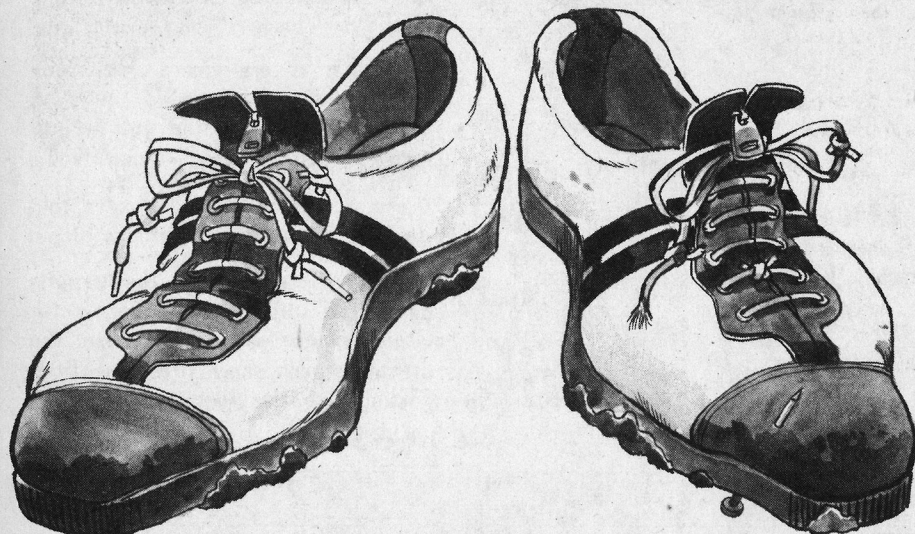
**NO. 281 (SPECIFY HAT SIZE)**

**£3.95**



# OUR SHAM-JOCK SNEAKERS ARE A REAL "PUT-ON"!

Bending over can be strenuous! Why be "tied down" with ordinary sneakers when you can ease your feet into "Fake Laced" zippered slip-ons!



Factory worn soles will prove beyond a doubt that you're into heavy running!

Sole edges are decorated with fake "tar" and "doggie-do" stains... giving more evidence of much rugged street running!

## YOU'LL LOVE THESE ADDED "EXTRAS"

Knots in laces will convince your athletic pals that these sneakers have seen plenty tough daily use!

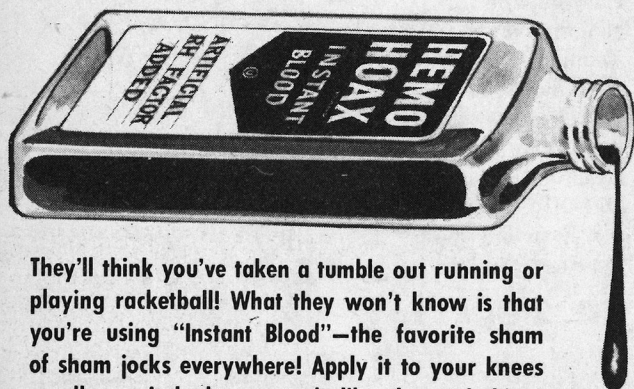
Optional "Imbedded Nail" effect adds to convincing "Run-In Look"!

Cushy heel-base with butter-soft padding guarantees comfort when propping feet on sofas, coffee-tables, footstools and hassocks!

Reinforced multi-layered toe tips resist wear and tear associated with kneeling and tuning TV sets.

**NO. 1015 £16.50 WITH OPTIONAL IMBEDDED NAIL £18.50**

## FAKE THEM OUT WITH "INSTANT BLOOD"!



They'll think you've taken a tumble out running or playing racketball! What they won't know is that you're using "Instant Blood"—the favorite sham of sham jocks everywhere! Apply it to your knees or elbows, it looks, congeals like the real thing!

**NO. 207 £1.95 PER BOTTLE**

## GET SMASHED OFF THE COURT!

It looks like a can of tennis balls... but actually, it's a sneaky "thermos" that holds 12 oz. of beer or booze or soda or whatever you drink! Now you can have a quick and quite snootful ...while all those other idiots around you are into (yecch) exercising like mad.

**NO. 211 £5.95**



## WHO'S COVERING UP?

You are... when you dress up your library by covering up your old books with our fake jock-sounding jackets! Choose from these exciting titles:

**NO. 290 EACH 95p.**





## YOU'LL LOOK GYM-DANDY IN OUR "DO-NOTHING" GYM SHORTS

**THE MORE YOU'RE OUT OF SHAPE  
THE MORE YOU'LL LOVE THEM!**

Discover a new world of non-exercise with the gym shorts favored by out-of-shape "dawdlers" the world over!

The fabric is pre-grimed with road dust mixed with authentic city soot, creating the impression you're into heavy outdoor running like marathons!

Grass stains give "proof" you've taken spills on many a fictitious slope!

Seat is velour-lined for comfy softness while sitting around, and crotch area is double padded to prevent the dreaded "thigh shock" resulting from holding iced drinks between your legs.

**NO. 663**

**£4.95**

Rip in outer seam adds credibility to the respected "Much-Used Look"!

## THE SHAM-JOCK GYM BAG HAS IT ALL!



Our most successful item of athletic fakery! Friends will think you're toting shorts, gym socks and other detestibles! In truth, as the cutaway shows, bag's interior contains compartments for stashing cookies, candy bars, potato chips and similar junk food necessities needed at a moment's notice by the phony jock!

**NO. 275**

**£6.95**

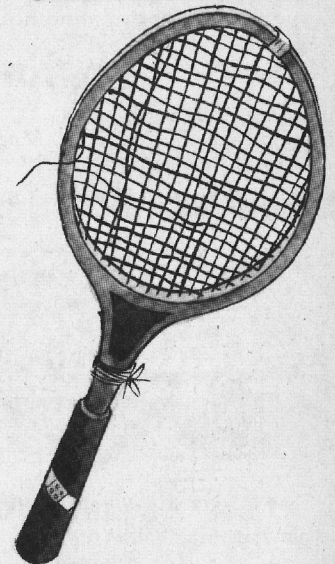
**CHOCK FULL OF GOODIES**

**£14.95**

## GET INTO AN OLD RACKET!

Carry around this beat-up old tennis racket... and look like a demon of the courts! Pre-scuffed and scratched, its loose strings provide you with the alibi that you're "waiting to have it re-strung!" You're not, of course, and you'll come off as a real tennis fanatic! Off the court, that is, before you can exert yourself!

**NO. 244 £14.50**



## THEY'LL LOVE YOU... IN A PHONY CAST!

A must for the non-skier! Ultra light weight, it fits snugly around your leg as if something was actually broken! It's a sure-fire way to make out in the lodge, while the real skiers are wasting their time on the slopes!



**NO. 224 £7.95**

**PRE-AUTOGRAPHED £12.95**



When we heard that Alfred E. Neuman was to visit Britain in honour of MAD's 25th year in the U.K. we wanted to celebrate in style. After US comedienne, Joan Rivers' epic TV debut here before an audience of show-biz personalities we thought we'd line up a similar show for Neuman. We knew we could rely on superstars like Don Martin, Al Jaffee, Dave Berg, Sergio Aragones and many others we owed money to, to come crowding in. We overlooked the fact that Joan Rivers is funny! Anyway we spent a lot of money getting famous names into the audience — and then spent a lot of time strapping them into their seats. And here's the result, the once in a lifetime only (we hope) . . .

# ALFRED E. NEUMAN SHOW

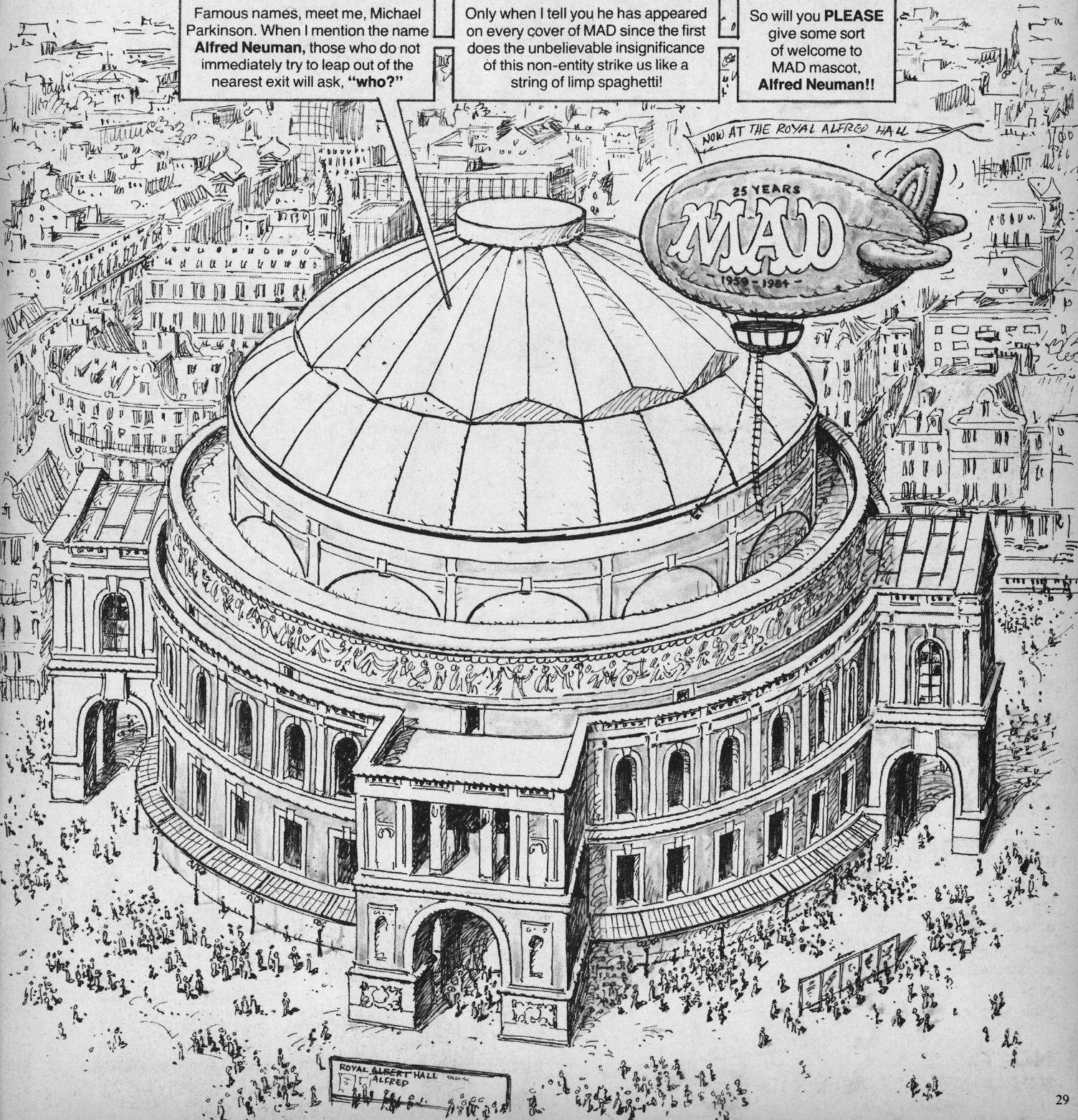
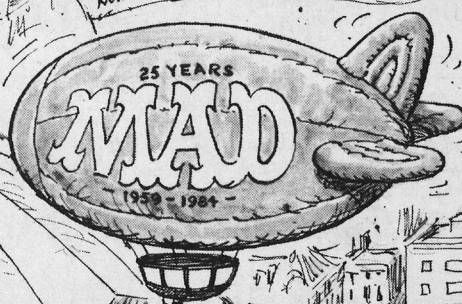
ARTIST: HARRY NORTH WRITER: DAVE ROBINSON

Famous names, meet me, Michael Parkinson. When I mention the name **Alfred Neuman**, those who do not immediately try to leap out of the nearest exit will ask, "who?"

Only when I tell you he has appeared on every cover of MAD since the first does the unbelievable insignificance of this non-entity strike us like a string of limp spaghetti!

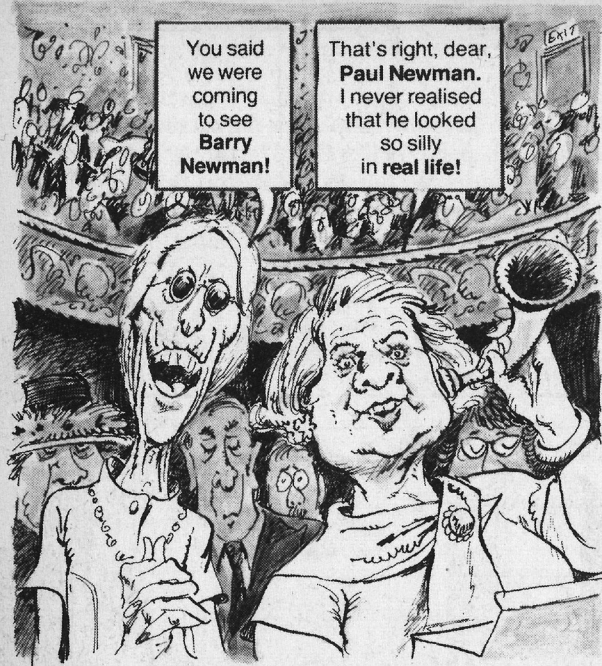
So will you **PLEASE** give some sort of welcome to MAD mascot, **Alfred Neuman!!**

NOW AT THE ROYAL ALFRED HALL



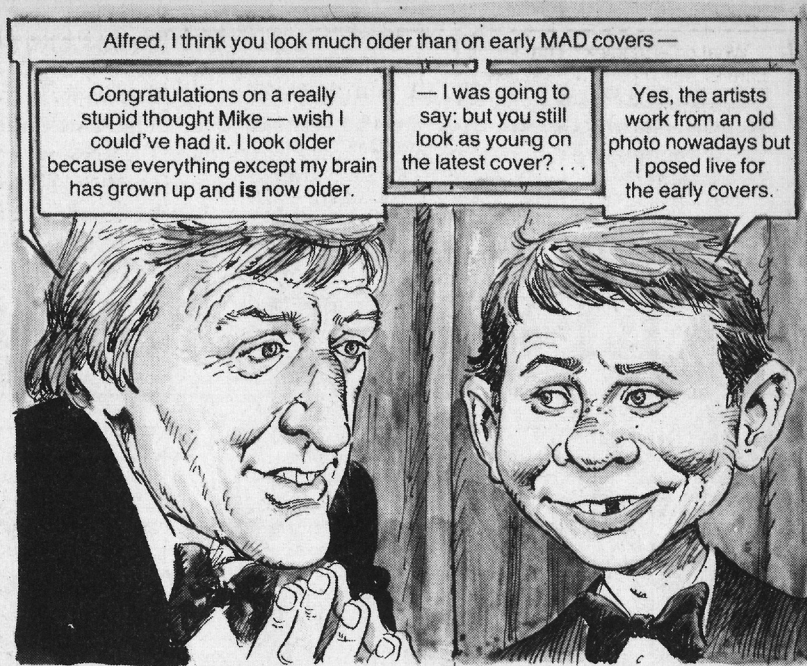
ROYAL ALBERT HALL  
ALFRED





You said we were coming to see **Barry Newman!**

That's right, dear, **Paul Newman**. I never realised that he looked so silly in **real life!**



Alfred, I think you look much older than on early MAD covers —

Congratulations on a really stupid thought Mike — wish I could've had it. I look older because everything except my brain has grown up and **is now older**.

— I was going to say: but you still look as young on the latest cover? ...

Yes, the artists work from an old photo nowadays but I posed live for the early covers.

Was modelling difficult? Take cover No. 4, leaping into the **Grand Canyon!** That broke me up, by the way. Ha, ha!

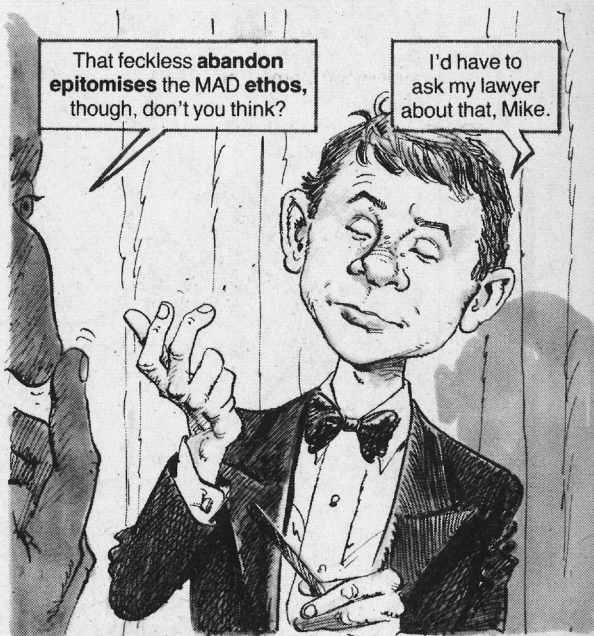
You **bet** it was difficult — but **jumping in** wasn't so bad ...

It was a whole day spent **climbing back out** every time I hated!



That feckless **abandon** epitomises the **MAD ethos**, though, don't you think?

I'd have to ask my lawyer about that, Mike.



Russell Harty here, Alf. Thanks for **inviting** me, Michael.

The artist of the Canyon cover and this one took the prestigious **Hugo Award** many years in a row?

My God! Must you people **keep** dragging that up — he put the damn thing back every time, didn't he?!



Excuse me, Harty!

How **did** you do that swing trick, Alf, really, I mean? ...





What do **you** think? That I starched the ropes and stapled my pants to the seat?! We're not **that** mad at Silly — nor did the artist stand on his head before you ask!

—No! There's only one way to do a job like that: we turn all the printing presses upside-down and hand-letter the titles the wrong way up afterwards.

What! **Two million copies?**!

Two million—  
Three million—  
You lose count after a while ...

I understand that Alfred E. Neuman is a false name?

Obviously it's too ridiculous to be real — my real name is Alfred L. Neuman.



And the name was swiped from a Hollywood Composer, Alfred Newman, who incidentally, wrote the music for **Psycho** in the shower?

Let's put it another way. **Newman Hollywood** swiped the music from **Alfred Shower** who wrote **names** for a living and turned **psycho** from the incident ...

Either that or Hollywood psycho, '**Swipe A. Name**', showered Alfred — Oh, I can't remember ... it was very ugly.

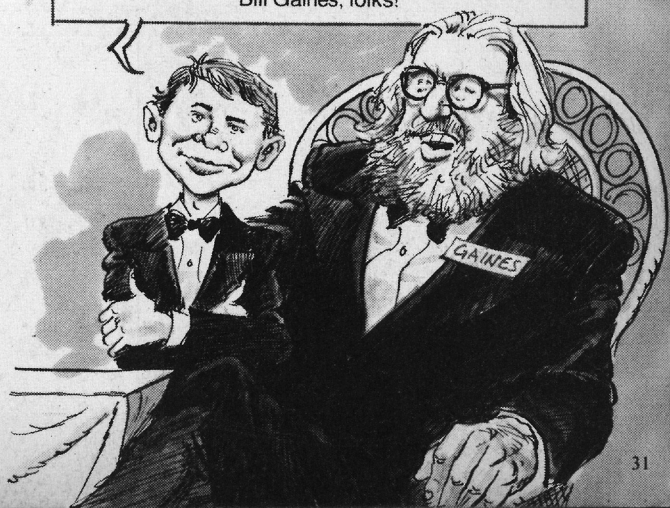


That is utter nonsense!

I'll settle for a nonsensical utterance. Next question.

How do you get along with the MAD staff?

There **is** no MAD staff, they exist only in the imagination of **Bill Gaines**, their fine publisher who also writes and draws the whole magazine! By the way, meet my assistant, Bill Gaines, folks!





I — I can't **believe** there is no — well, for example, no **Dave Berg!**

Dave Berg can't believe it either — but it's perfectly true.

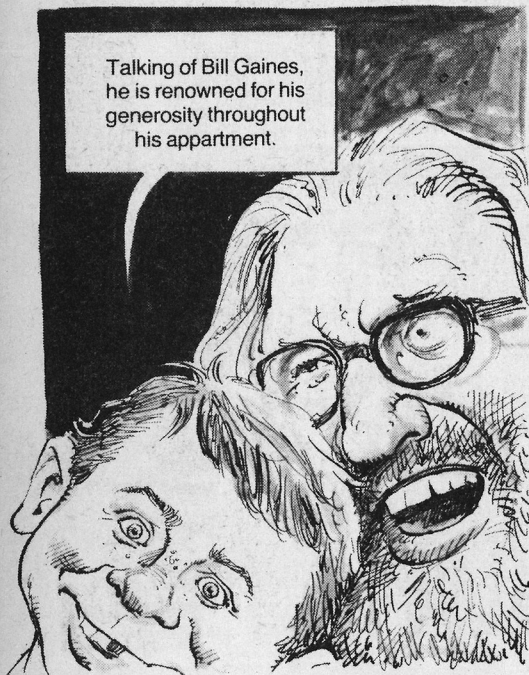


But ... what about **Jaffee? Martin? Aragonés?** all that well-loved band?!

I admit there may be some people walking around with those names and they may even do the occasional sketch but I — Bill — never receive it!



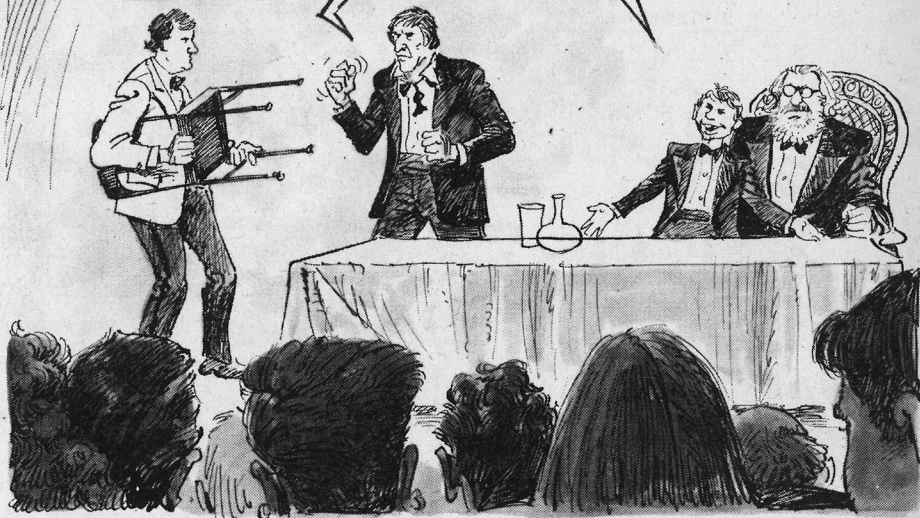
Talking of Bill Gaines, he is renowned for his generosity throughout his apartment.



He takes me — us — on a trip abroad **every year!**

Well that is generous!

In fact, it's **mean**, Rus! He's trying hard to **lose** me but so far I've always been sent straight back!



What was this about you and your dog winning the US Frisbee Championship?

Right! That's where one throws the disk fifty yards and the other jumps and catches it in his mouth!

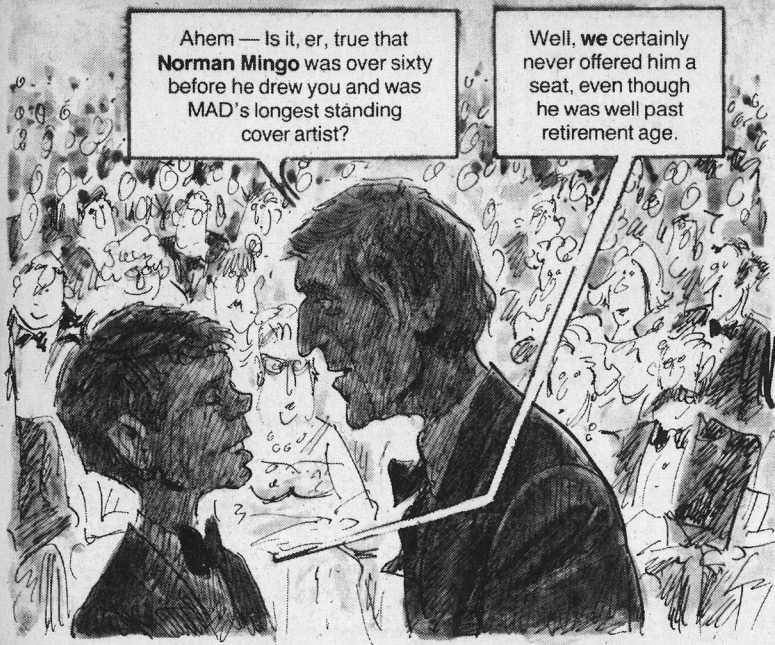
Is that how you lost your tooth?



You risk losing a few yourself soon, buster!

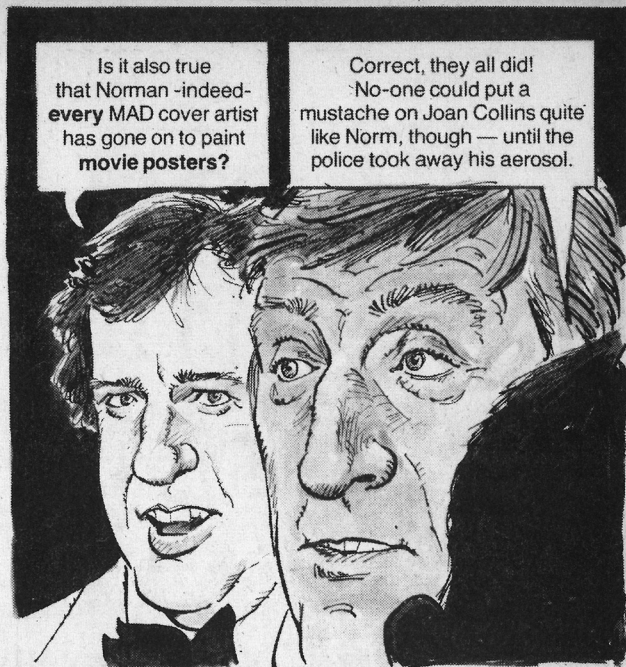






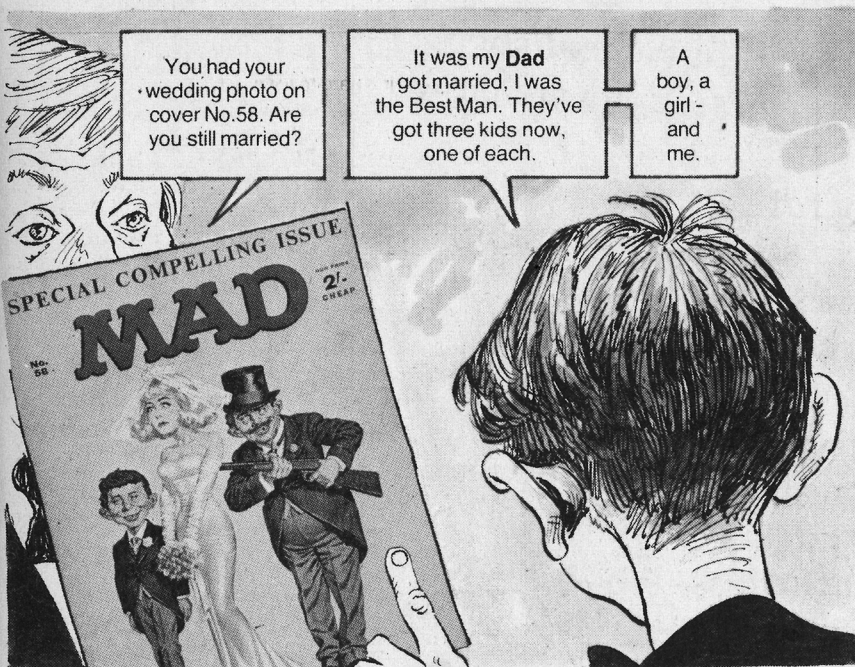
Ahem — Is it, er, true that **Norman Mingo** was over sixty before he drew you and was MAD's longest standing cover artist?

Well, **we** certainly never offered him a seat, even though he was well past retirement age.



Is it also true that Norman -indeed- **every** MAD cover artist has gone on to paint **movie posters**?

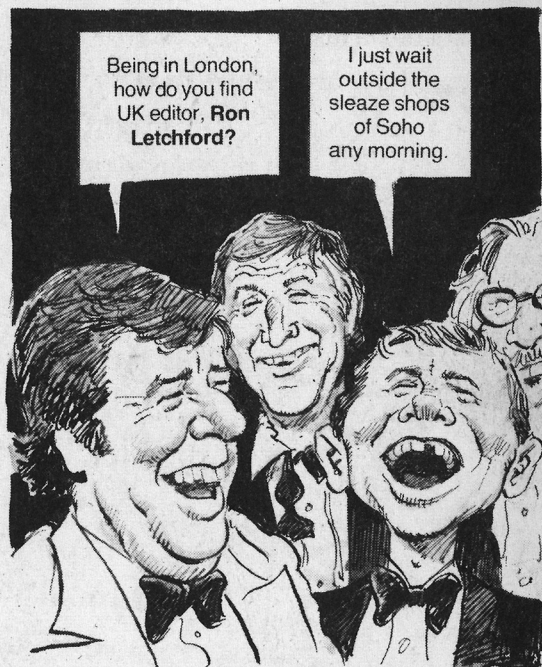
Correct, they all did! No-one could put a mustache on Joan Collins quite like Norm, though — until the police took away his aerosol.



You had your wedding photo on cover No.58. Are you still married?

It was my **Dad** got married, I was the Best Man. They've got three kids now, one of each.

A boy, a girl - and me.



Being in London, how do you find UK editor, **Ron Letchford**?

I just wait outside the sleaze shops of Soho any morning.



Finally, what are you working on currently?

I've been working towards a **Broadway stage show**.

**You've** written a **musical**!?

No, I'm saving for a **ticket** to see one!



And you've just finished a **film**, I hear?

That's right and you've reminded me, I've got to pick up those prints before the drug-store — chemist — closes today!

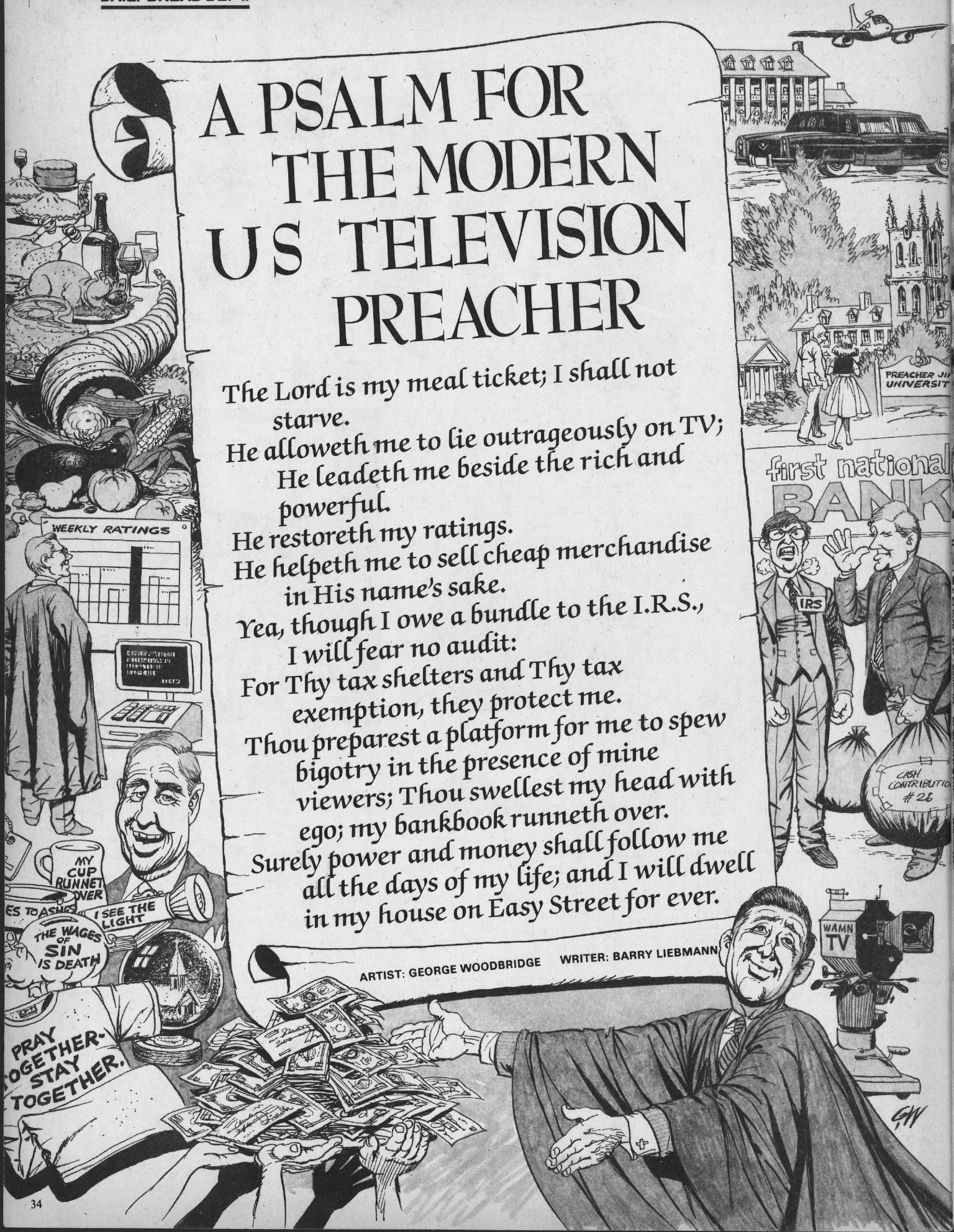
So long, guys, it's been a pleasure.



# A PSALM FOR THE MODERN U.S. TELEVISION PREACHER

The Lord is my meal ticket; I shall not  
starve.  
He alloweth me to lie outrageously on TV;  
He leadeth me beside the rich and  
powerful.  
He restoreth my ratings.  
He helpeth me to sell cheap merchandise  
in His name's sake.  
Yea, though I owe a bundle to the I.R.S.,  
I will fear no audit:  
For Thy tax shelters and Thy tax  
exemption, they protect me.  
Thou preparest a platform for me to spew  
bigotry in the presence of mine  
viewers; Thou swellest my head with  
ego; my bankbook runneth over.  
Surely power and money shall follow me  
all the days of my life; and I will dwell  
in my house on Easy Street for ever.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN





# WHY KILL YOURSELF?



JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE  
LAST ISSUE AT THE NEWSSTAND?

SUBSCRIBE TO

# MAD

AND HAVE THE  
ISSUES MAILED TO YOUR HOME!

## MAD

44 HILL STREET  
LONDON W1X 8LB

I enclose £7.20\*. Please enter my name on your  
subscription list and post me the next twelve  
issues starting with No.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....P.CODE .....

\*This subscription rate is for the United Kingdom including Eire. Please note that payments from Eire must be in U.K. Currency. Overseas subscriptions are £10.50 (surface mail) or £20.50 (air mail). Cheques should be made payable to Saron Enterprises Limited.



